

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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## Notes of the Week

WE have never professed to be very enthusiastic adherents of the policy of the Triple Entente. We realise its necessity, and that it must be most sedulously adhered to. Of course, the policy of splendid isolation is the policy which appeals to every Briton, but it is necessary to realise the movements of the world, and a policy of isolation at the present time would be a policy of suicide. If that thesis be true, it is clear that no more mischievous action can be conceived than that of the Brunner-Byles group action, which has now the authoritative sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Do ut Des" were the words with which Prince Bismarck summed up the one basis of international combination. The only asset we have which is of any value to Continental Powers is our fleet. If that is weakened, the power of our foreign policy immediately dwindles, with the natural consequence that those Powers which are at present acting with us are filled with distrust, and are naturally exercising their minds whether it is incumbent upon them to fulfil obligations which were only entered into as a part of a mutual compact. One does not expect Sir John Brunner and Sir William Byles and their coterie to possess sufficient intelligence to realise these obvious facts, but if the Chancellor of the Exchequer is unable to do so, we would suggest to his colleagues that someone else should be found to fill his position.

We are delighted to observe that in the city of Leeds a practical move is being made to counteract the tyranny of Trade Unions. We have before borne testimony to the good work which the Unions, when they are honest, have done. Obviously, without organisation, the worker may be oppressed by an unscrupulous employer. The institution of Unions to prevent such injustices was an entirely commendable action. There is no doubt that for a time the Unions performed a very salutary function. In later years mad revolutionaries have come forward to control the opera-

tions of these important combinations, with the result that what was quite useful threatens to become the bane of social life. The action of the citizens of Leeds, banding themselves together to perform the duties of refractory strikers, is quite good, and is absolutely called for in the exigencies of the moment. We hope that the example will be largely followed throughout the country. We do not wish to be misunderstood; none would be more desirous than we are that the worker should obtain an adequate wage for his labour. We only deplore that the best and most sensible methods of arriving at such an end are barred by the Trade Union officials, who realise that their power and their salaries would cease if such methods were adopted. Of course, we refer to profit-sharing and co-operation.

The problem as to whether there is life on other planets of our solar system always receives fresh interest when Mars approaches the Earth; and when the chances are exceptionally favourable, as they are at present, there always lingers the hope that something more than mere speculation may result from the array of telescopes peering at our rosy neighbour in the skies. If Professor Lowell's theories could be proved correct, what glory would be his in future astronomical history! We may say, of course, that it really does not matter much whether the "markings" on the provoking planet's surface are canals or not; and no doubt our own lives would proceed on much the same lines were the phenomena to be placed definitely outside the sphere of optical illusion and inside the realm of intelligent construction. But, were life proved to exist on Mars, hardly a man or woman but would thrill at the thought of this globe, whose inhabitants must surely see the Earth plainly, swinging round its appointed path—so far away, yet so subtly in sympathy since it shared the great mystery of life. We may never know; but the thought fascinates.

The making of a satisfactory dictionary must be an extremely trying task. We have all had the experience of referring to some "standard" book of words and discovering that the particular term on which we needed enlightenment was not there, and we have not the slightest doubt that when the magnificent "New Oxford Dictionary" is finished some sly little word or another will have contrived to evade its widely-cast net. This week we find Sir James Murray, the editor, at a loss for the meaning of the word "tray" as applied to a pack of cards; he appeals to the press, and the general opinion seems to be that to "tray" a new pack is to cut it into three heaps, previous to the shuffling, in order that the suits may be more evenly distributed. We foresee a whole comfortable page, all to itself, for the word "tray" in the next section of the monumental work, for a dictionary such as this knows no sordid limits!



## Ambition

To me, a boy, so many things there seemed  
Of worth, enough for twenty lifetimes quite;  
And day by sunny day I walked and dreamed  
What kingdoms should confess my conquest's right.

And as I dreaming walked, I'd idly note  
How secret were the trees, how blue the skies,  
And wonder now what stifled in my throat,  
And now what sprang like tear-mist to my eyes.

So came at last to soberer, sterner days,  
Days that had nought of tenderness for dreams;  
Spent me—and grudged the spending; climbed steep  
ways  
To many a sunrise—and despised its beams.

Till, from satiety of foolish strife,  
I have come now to ask the better part:  
That I may pluck some sweetness out of life  
And give a little of my wistful heart.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

## George Herbert and Bemerton

A MILE and a half from Salisbury, on the way to Wilton and its glories of architecture and pictorial art, lies the little village of Bemerton, and as you pass through this peaceful and secluded spot, you see on your right a tiny church, and opposite it the walls of the parsonage. In itself neither of these buildings might at first be thought worthy of staying the steps of the traveller or of slowing down the pace of the headlong motor. Yet they are hallowed with memories, for the one was built by the gentle and pious George Herbert, and in the other he dwelt during the last three years of his short but pregnant life.

In his "Country Parson" Herbert has left us a word-portrait of himself; Dyce, in his beautiful picture of George Herbert at Bemerton, has shown us the outward man musing in his river-washed garden and evolving those perfect poems, which in their collected form as "The Temple," are known as well as "Paradise Lost," and are probably more widely read, at least among the English-speaking race, than Dante's great trilogy.

The name of George Herbert and that of his most memorable production are probably both better remembered than are the events of his life. The latter may be thus summarised: He was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, on April 3, 1593, and was a younger brother of that eminent Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose autobiography and life of Henry VIII are among the better-known books of the language. George Herbert was sent to school at Westminster, whence, in 1609, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected a Fellow in 1614, and was Public Orator from

1619 to 1627. At this period he hoped for some Court preferment, but the friendship of Nicholas Ferrar, the founder of the famous community at Little Gidding, whose career enters largely into the pages of "John Inglesant," turned his attention to a religious life. He had received the gift of a prebend of Lincoln in 1626, which may have further directed his budding inclination. On April 6, 1630, Charles I, at the request of the Earl of Pembroke, presented Herbert with the living of Bemerton. At first he seems to have been in doubt as to the propriety of accepting the gift, but went to Wilton to thank Lord Pembroke for his interest. At that moment Laud was at Salisbury with the King, and Lord Pembroke took occasion to tell him of Herbert's hesitation. The Archbishop sent for Herbert, and showed him so conclusively that it would be wrong to refuse the living that he consented, and a tailor having been hastily summoned to make the necessary garments, he was instituted to the rectory by John Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, on April 26, 1630.

For three years Herbert led a saint-like life at Bemerton. Here he tended his little flock and wrote his undying verses. Twice a week he might have been seen wending his way to Salisbury Cathedral. His energy was as notable as his powers of contemplation, his pure life, and his divine gift of poetry. He repaired his little church and rebuilt his parsonage, largely through the help of friends, but spending himself no less than £200 on the work, which, as he once said, "to one that have nothing yet is very much." On a stone tablet placed in one of the walls can be read the following lines which Herbert addressed to whoever might succeed him in the living:—

If thou chance for to find  
A new house to thy mind  
And built without cost,  
Be good to the poor,  
As God gives thee store,  
And then my labour's not lost.

One wonders if he realised how soon a successor would be enabled to act up to this gentle exhortation. At the beginning of the year 1633, consumption laid its deadly hand on George Herbert, and on March 3 of that year he died. Isaac Walton wrote his life, in which is a pathetic account of his last days, and Coleridge made some thoughtful notes on it; his works have been edited by Nicol (1863), Grosart (1876), and Short-house (1882). But in his "Country Parson" and "The Temple" and in his "Jacula Prudentum" (where, by the by, he anticipated Johnson's famous "Hell is paved with good intentions" by writing "Hell is full of good meanings and wishings") we may best, I think, realise the gentleness and beauty of his character. Wilton, with its glories and its line of ennobled Herberts, cannot claim such a splendid niche in the temple of Fame as is occupied by George Herbert, the saint and singer of Bemerton.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.



## The Art of Arthur Schnitzler

WE are rather brutal, we English. We are not to be won in the theatre by wit, by irony, or by fantasy. To capture our attention we must be knocked down by melodrama—the national form of theatrical expression. Or we may be rendered maudlin by sentiment, or dazzled, like children, with a display of rich scenery, or made uproarious by mirth. These, with their variations, are the appeals that usually reach us. All others are difficult, if not vain.

Yet, perhaps, these reflections would be truer of yesterday than of to-day, for that we are becoming less insular, less intolerant of ideas other than our own, we cannot doubt. We are not impervious to ideas, as the Continent used to imagine. If they are projected through practical channels, we take them greedily. When Mr. Marinetti, the Futurist, for instance, becomes a matter of "news," the *Daily Mail* is open to him, be his opinions what they may.

So the dramas and stories of Arthur Schnitzler appear in our theatres or at our libraries when Europe has consecrated his art with her approval. With our keen and practical sense of life, we would fête the devil himself in London if he "became the rage," and he would be a fool as well as a devil if he thought he had made any real impression on us. "Civis Romanus sum. I am an Englishman"—that is the attitude—"well, what of Schnitzler?"

His art is Viennese, and an expression of Vienna, a city where life flows in other rhythms to those of London, rhythms sweeter if less stronger, gayer and more shallow, more beautiful and less profitable. Vienna is a kind of German Paris, less perverse, less feline, less vain than the French city; lighter-hearted, more Latin in culture and feeling than Berlin. It is a city of the old Roman world, peopled with men and women of a Germanic race, through whose veins flow memories of a civilisation finer, purer, and more beautiful than their own. The Viennese have to live up to their city.

Arthur Schnitzler, whose play "The Green Cockatoo," was being acted at the Vaudeville Theatre a few weeks ago, is a literary expression of the Viennese spirit. It is delicate, feminine almost in comparison with our rude national masculinity; cynical, too, and rather sentimental. Pagan and Epicurean it must also be called. It would be more artificial, more Parisian if it could, but its good Teutonic body holds it to the realities of life, so that all its outbursts of naughtiness are touched with a suspicion of respectability, and all its *vie bourgeoise* is a little perverse. It is this same spirit which lives in the souls of the characters of Schnitzler's novels and dramas. They exist in a world where the sensibilities are easily awakened, where hearts are inflammable—they are kept soaked, one would think, in a spiritual kerosene—where the perfume of a rose may precipitate a crisis, the beauty of a face evoke a rapture that is neither passionate nor insincere. The lovers in the Schnitzler stories and

plays love, as a rule, neither like boulevardiers nor good bourgeois. They are subtle, but insufficiently definite to make a type. The *Anatol* dialogues which have been translated into English by Mr. Granville Barker are very characteristic of the whole body of Schnitzler's work. They are light, sometimes witty, sometimes tender, sometimes very sentimental, and sometimes in very bad taste. *Anatol* is a delicate amorist, and really one cannot help feeling that he is rather a foolish sort of fellow as well. He does not know what he wants, whom he wants, or why he wants her. Heroes must have their mission—Columbus his America. And *Anatol*—what is *Anatol's* end in the limited scope of the adventures Schnitzler presents to us? Is it the pursuit of a hedonism of which he seems half ashamed, or is he flying from the call of that bourgeois life he knows to be his soul's fate? I fear his tragedy is that he is just Viennese, an echo of that eternal refrain which floats over the blue waters of the Danube, graceful and full of joy, but imprecise and over-romantic.

Love is a pleasure, and an art on the Continent. In England it is a duty. Love is the theme of nearly all the Schnitzler romances; the method is contained in the antithesis of the real and artificial, the theatrical and the actual which we see in its clearest definition in "The Green Cockatoo." The means by which the romances and plays are worked out are wit, psychology, intuition, and a little invention.

In "The Green Cockatoo" we have an excellent example of Schnitzler's method. He uses the contrast of reality and theatricality most brilliantly. The distinction between the cabaret actor when he pretends to be angry with his rival and when he really kills him is delineated with great subtlety. Of course, the drama of the whole piece resides in what is little more than an image. It is fine and delicate, it is ironical, it is anything but positive and practical, and therefore, I suppose, London could not quite make up its mind to like it.

Schnitzler has a dozen or more plays to his name, half a dozen novels, and some volumes of short dialogues, such as "Anatol" and "Reigen." "Anatol" is worth analysing, for it is *Anatol* in various forms and circumstances who lives through all the pages that Schnitzler has written. He is in another form the hero of "Liebele." For *Anatol* and Max, we have Fritz and Theodor. There is still the same pursuit of love as an ideal, as a source of happiness, though both *Anatol* and Fritz are more than a little afraid of their ideal, and are only too ready to be put off with a substitute. *Anatol*, Fritz, and the other heroes of the Schnitzlerian stories are sentimentalists who pity themselves. Poor *Anatol* is always floundering in and out of love affairs, whose happiness or unhappiness seem to leave him equally ill at ease with himself. Whether Mimi bids him good-bye, or he regains Bianca, he always seems to feel himself the victim of a fate he is too lazy to grapple with. He is an egoist who grows sentimental over himself.

There are deeper notes in Schnitzler, of course—fine serious notes, full of beauty and quiet wisdom, though the motives are generally the same. Who does not recognise this motive which occurs again and again in French literature? Two instances of it suggest themselves in Murger's "*Vie de Bohême*" and Charpentier's "*Louise*." Christine's father is reproached by a neighbour for not looking after his daughter more closely. The neighbour hints that a *liaison* may exist between her and the young Fritz. The father remembers his own sister, who grew up to withered spinsterhood under his too zealous guardianship, and determines that his daughter shall have more liberty to make her own life. Speaking of his sister, he says:—

She used to sit with me in the evening by this lamp in this room, with her gentle smile, with a strange kind of devotion as if she wished to thank me for something, and I—the one thing I wanted to do was to throw myself on my knees, and ask for forgiveness for guarding her so well from all danger and all happiness.

That is a motive which occurs more than once in Schnitzler, and mingled with it are other motives which go to make the mysterious, terrible symphony of the *Vie de Bohême*. For it is of the *Vie de Bohême* that Schnitzler writes with something of the sentimentality of Murger, though not always with the same sprightliness. Deeper themes and a wider phase of life are touched on in some of the other plays, as in "*Der einsame Weg*" or "*Der Schleier der Beatrice*" (a tragedy in verse), but in the main it is of Bohemians and derelicts that Schnitzler writes, of adventurers and their innocent victims, of disenchanted syrens, and submerged theorists aspiring vaguely from their disordered Bohemian chaos to a world of order and repose.

EDWARD STORER.

## Barcelona

**I**N spite of all one hears about the commercial prosperity of Barcelona and the progressive character of its inhabitants, compared with those of other parts of Spain, their virtues do not seem to have affected the inherent villainy of the Catalonian Railways. An insufficient study of the *indicateur* at Perpignan, combined with a desire to avoid the overpowering heat of the day by travelling at night, beguiled me into taking an ordinary "express" train instead of the train "de lujo." The train "de lujo" is apparently run by the Sleeping Car Company in connection with the Paris-Barcelone rapide, and is the only one which goes faster than twenty miles an hour. My train made the journey interminable. We had to change at Port-Bou, the most uncomfortable frontier station of my recollection, and after a wait of an hour and a half, during which I made unavailing efforts to discover when we were supposed to start, also secured

four bad pesetas and a packet of unsmokable cigars masquerading as cigarettes, we finally got away.

The dawn was by this time a soft pink over the hills; Every now and then we caught a glimpse of a small cove with the Mediterranean, delicately grey and veiled, washing its sandy shore; and on the whole, the first view of Spain was distinctly attractive. But the sun rose; the advertised hour of our arrival at Barcelona came and went, and by comparing the names of the stations (at all of which we stopped) with a guide-book, I discovered we were not half-way. I grew ravenous. The sun increased in strength and the carriage became like a furnace; the train crawled, lingered, and crawled again. At about ten o'clock (we had been due in at Barcelona at 7.43 a.m.) we came to a place called Empalme, which had a buffet where the most attractive-looking omelette-sandwiches were offered to the hungry. It was here that I discovered that the four pesetas given me in change at Port-Bou were worthless! French gold which I vainly offered them they would not look at! A bell rang; I just managed, starved and exhausted, to get back on to the train as it moved off. At last, after passing the little walled city of Hostalrich perched on its hill (on the left) and the great *massif* of Montseny on the right, the train dawdled into some half-baked suburbs and arrived with self-satisfaction at the shabby terminus. I doubt if there is any other city in the world with more than half a million people in it with such a miserable front door.

The station and its appointments were in contrast to the elegant yellow tramcars passing and repassing in the boulevard outside. I took one of these, labelled "*Plaza de Cataluña*," which I had gathered was the centre of activity containing most of the hotels, and we swept along a wide avenue, passing a hideous Arc de Triomphe in red brick, done in a bastard Moorish style, and an equally hideous Law Courts, till at last we arrived.

The Plaza de Cataluña is vast and not particularly imposing. Most of it is planted with dusty-looking palms standing in sandy pools which steam in the sun. The yellow tramcars hurry to and fro in all directions. On the north side the ugly Hotel Colon and a local railway station are the principal buildings; but on the south side, where the Ramblas start, there is a great deal more animation. Indeed here, on the south of the square, one gets at once into the stream. Here is the big café of the "*Maison Dorée*," whose little tables are always crowded with people. The pavement in front of it is almost impassable with jostling, laughing crowds. Bearded men snatch republican newspapers from barefooted, grimacing boys; little parties of blind or maimed musicians—too grotesque in appearance almost to be believed—find a perch somewhere in which to grind out their stale tunes; infants of either sex run in and out of the tables, holding up lottery tickets; youths walk about offering little directories, containing the photographs and tariffs and the hours of reception of the ladies of pleasure; and, among them all, police-



men in scarlet coats, with helmets, white trousers, patent leather boots, and carrying malacca canes, stroll about with elegant languor. The whole place gave the impression of being "on the eve" of some great event. The strikes had been quelled a few weeks before my arrival, but there was still a good deal of electricity in the air, and there was a pleasant feeling that "anything might happen."

Barcelona lies on a broad plain stretching between the hills of Tibidabo, Pelada and Vallvidrera, and the sea. With its suburbs it covers a large expanse, as the new quarters of the town have been laid out on grandiose lines, with wide boulevards and big squares. The old town forms a kind of kernel in the centre of the agglomeration, and contains all the buildings of interest, unless the astonishing "art nouveau" buildings in the Gracia quarter can be called interesting. Ugly as they are, they certainly have more individuality than much modern work.

From the architectural point of view, there can be few towns of its size as commonplace, even ugly, as Barcelona. The "handsome" boulevards of which the guide-books speak in terms of praise suggest, when you see them, some mushroom colonial town, rather than an ancient and dignified city. The place entirely lacks any of the splendour that is to be seen in so many even of the smaller cities of Italy and France. If it were not for its animation, for the pageantry, if one may use the word, of the life of its citizens, it would be—one must admit it—exceedingly unattractive. As it is, one cannot separate the town from its inhabitants; their vivacity is untiring; their interest in things, in themselves, in life, is infectious.

In the evenings I got into the habit of visiting some of the innumerable small theatres and music-halls for which the town is famous. In the lower part of the Calle Marquès del Duero, or "Paralelo," in the Montjuich quarter—Montjuich is a fortress-crowned hill, whose guns dominate the harbour and the city—there is a constant succession of little theatres and cabarets on either side of the road; there are also some others nearer the Ramblas—such as the "Buena Sombra" and the "Eden Concert." At night, half the inhabitants of the city, of all classes, but principally of the poorer kind, seemed to be in the "Paralelo," filling its theatres or sitting outside its brilliantly lighted cafés, listening to one of the rival military bands. A kind of dull roar of music mingled with the continuous undertone of the tramcars, and was curiously exciting. One got the impression that things were "going on" all round. One could imagine the stamping of a hundred different dancers on a hundred different stages within a stone's-throw of one another. Compact little parties of sailors, sometimes ordinary seamen, sometimes officers, walked up and down the broad pavements with their unmistakable look of caution combined with a determination to enjoy. Nobody seemed to stay in any one place for very long. There was a constant coming and going at all the cabarets and theatres, and the form of entertainment in each of them seemed to be

much the same—a similar succession of heavy dancers and of singers whose harsh, strident voices sometimes touched a chord which gave them an odd fascination. I remember one woman particularly—I think she was at the Eden Concert—who had this curious gift of exercising an unexpected, undesired fascination. Physically she was quite unattractive; her voice was harsh and odd like her songs, but there was something about both which was unforgettable. I went to hear her three or four nights running. Now, looking back at Barcelona, her harsh voice seems to call to me to return and hear it again. The spell of it cannot be shaken off. She was not a great artist; she was just strange and human and herself. What her song was about I do not know, but it expressed emotions keenly felt, emotions which a foreigner, even if he understood the words she sang, would probably have been unable to enter into. Perhaps the noise of the tom-tom in savage countries has the same effect on the listener.

One of the best places in the Calle Marquès de Duero was called "El Recreo." Here, in the centre of the room, was a railed enclosure where the performers graciously consented to accept the young men of the audience as their partners. One saw in this way some good dancing of the tango variety. Alternately with the dances there was the ordinary music-hall performance, and beyond an open courtyard on the left could be seen a gambling-table presided over by an elderly man in his shirt-sleeves, who raked in the money with that observant lack of interest, combined with a decent melancholy, which seems to be the peculiar gift of the *croupier*. None of the places seemed ever to close, and none of them began before half-past nine or ten, while the usual dinner-hour was half-past eight.

The nights were very hot, and it was pleasant sometimes to take the tramcar to the funicular railway which climbed the steep slopes of Tibidabo. On the top of this sharp escarpment, overlooking the great city, is a very tolerable restaurant. There is nothing whatever to do at Tibidabo. In the daytime one could, I believe, pay a visit to a pathetic "Somali Village" encamped on the side of the hill, or practise revolver-shooting; but at night there was nothing to be done except admire the view—the wooded hills looming darkly at the back, the straight lines of the city's lights in front, and beyond them the shimmer of the sea. From the summit of Tibidabo a walk stretches along the ridge of the hill, amid delicious pinewoods through which peep veiled glimpses of the lights below, to the village of Vallvidrera, whence another funicular communicates with a second tramway line leading back to the Plaza de Cataluña. It was rather delicious to spend the early night hours up in the cool air of the hill-top, in a silence made more intense by the cicadas and by the vague murmurs which came to one on the breeze, and then to return to the crowded bustle of the great square and the Ramblas.

In the daytime the only hours when one felt inclined to explore were in the early morning. All the interesting parts of the town lay immediately to the south of



the Plaza de Cataluña, where the mediæval narrowness of the streets made a cool and grateful shade. In this part were to be found the Diputación Provincial, a huge fifteenth-century stone palace, very tall and dark, and its adjacent Audiencia, the Ancient Court of Appeal, an exquisite Gothic building with a remarkable stone staircase and much fine carving; also the Cathedral, with the charming Plaza del Rey to the east of it; the fourteenth-century church of Santa Maria del Mar, and several streets of old houses, one of which, the Calle Moncada, contains a house called the Casa Dalmases (No. 20), with an interesting staircase elaborately carved in stone. All these buildings are close to one another and within a stone's-throw of the dark and cool Cathedral—the heart of the ancient city.

After an hour or two of exploration in the old parts of the city it was delightful to pick up a tramcar on the Ramblas and descend to the Port, to the broad Plaza de la Paz, dominated by its hideous monument of Christopher Columbus, where the white steamer for the Balearic Islands was drawn up at the quay, and the little *Mouche* flitted to and fro carrying the bathers to the farther side of the harbour. The sea-bathing of Barcelona is one of its greatest and most unexpected attractions. I have never known better bathing anywhere. The cabins were clean, and there were all the comforts of civilisation, such as fresh-water shower-baths, foot baths, and so on; also a diving-board and other amenities, while dominating the dressing-rooms was a raised platform containing the café and band-stand. The place seemed to be crowded all day, and at night it was equally full, for people liked to dance and listen to the music, within sight of the sea.

Barcelona in the hot weather is a town which saps one's energies like a tropical country. It is difficult to do anything except sit and look on, difficult to move away from it—to arise and "get hence." I lost my train to Montserrat, the great excursion for visitors. When, thanks to a cool twenty-four hours, I managed to get to the station to come away, I brought with me confused memories of a town where there was no gold and so much bad silver that every coin had to be rung on stone before it was accepted; of crowded Ramblas, where handsome, vivacious men and women walked to and fro under the trees, and where one could buy attractive birds in cages, or lovely flowers; and of a dark, plain woman singing on a tawdry stage a song as harsh and outlandish as her voice—and as enthralling.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Among the first New Year novels of Stanley Paul & Co. are "Cupid's Caterers," the adventures of a man "sub-editress" on a popular feminine weekly—coming from the pen of Mr. Ward Muir, this promises to be exceptionally amusing and interesting; and "The Waters of Lethe," by Dorothea Gerard. The same firm is also issuing Mr. Headon Hill's new book, "The Split Peas," a society romance describing the adventures of a young officer of the Guards.

## REVIEWS

### An American Aristides—II

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

*Theodore Roosevelt.* An Autobiography. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

TO get the "atmosphere" of Roosevelt's political career you must bear in mind that very few of the upper class touched politics at all: it was not considered quite respectable for them to do so. I remember when visiting the United States for the first time, and people learnt that I was a member of Parliament, they looked at me as much as to say: "Oh, that is the way you make your living, is it?" At any rate, that was the idea they conveyed to me.

Roosevelt, young and enthusiastic, saw that it was a bad thing for his country that those who, for want of a better term, I must call the upper classes, took no interest in politics at all and looked down on those who did; just as the upper middle classes to-day in London allow the trading classes to do most of the municipal work in some boroughs. He explains:

When I began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the local Republican Association and the means of joining it, these men, and the big business men and lawyers also, laughed at me and told me that politics were "low"; that the organisations were not controlled by "gentlemen"; that I would find them run by saloon keepers, horse-car conductors, and the like; and not by men with any of whom I would come in contact outside; and, moreover, they assured me that the men I met would be rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with. I answered that if this were so it merely meant that the people I knew didn't belong to the governing class, and that the other people did, and that I intended to be one of the governing class.

We have seen how he worked his way up resolutely and fearlessly. Whenever he was "up against" his own party he always appealed to the people outside politics—the voters who watched the young country gentlemen scrambling about in the political mire with amused interest; for Roosevelt could not help being interesting.

Somebody asked me in the week why I likened him to Aristides. I thought it was apparent, for he resembles the illustrious son of Lysimachus in many ways. I assure you I did not write sarcastically. The Athenians became more virtuous in imitating their great leader, and it will not be denied that American politics have greatly improved since Roosevelt "waded in." Aristides was called the Just, and I am sure Roosevelt is a just man, fair and honest, with quick feelings of sympathy. His fault was that he was too conscious of what he had accomplished, and insisted on telling people so by bawling it at them. I believe they got rid of him simply because they were tired of his civic virtue and

his too great insistence on the fact, which, after all, when you come to think of it, is a slight on his fellow-countrymen. If he had possessed a little more of the political temperateness and placid temper of Aristides he would have been President to-day.

To go back to the book, in his account of the war, Roosevelt passes a compliment to the member for the Fareham Division of Hampshire. "One of the best men with our regiment was the British military attaché, Captain Arthur Lee, who was made an honorary member of the mess." When Roosevelt was made Governor of New York, the usual custom was followed of the party filling all the positions for him. It reminds me of an old friend, a recent Lord Mayor, who found that, although he had 900 invitations for his banquet to give out, he had only 40 tickets left for his private friends when all the official invitations had been dispatched. Roosevelt was firm, and carefully chose men for their qualifications for the positions, sometimes regardless of the fact that some of them were his opponents in politics. He naturally offended a great many of those who had supported him, and I have no doubt that he was called ungrateful by men who determined to be revenged. The description of the way he dealt with Senator Platt, one of the party "bosses," is one of the best things in the book. Platt was alarmed at Roosevelt's independence, "feared he was a little loose on the relation of capital and labour, on trusts and combinations, and the right of a man to run his own business in his own way, with due respect, of course, to the Ten Commandments and the Penal Code. Anything outside these two were clearly altruistic, and demanded profound consideration."

Next comes a charming chapter of his recreations, indoor and outdoor, at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, and elsewhere, in the middle of which is a delightful description of a tramp with Sir Edward Grey through the New Forest, in England.

In this chapter he dives into other things; he thinks statesmen ought to read poetry and novels; it is clear that he himself has read pretty widely, and he tells you why he likes particular authors.

A lover of children, he did everything he could to make his own children's life as happy and pleasant as possible, sparing no thought or trouble to let them have a good time to look back upon.

When he became President, he was a more absolute ruler than many monarchs. There is no doubt that he took a good deal on himself, but a President of the Republic of the United States has far more real power, if he chooses to use it, than our own King George, for instance; in fact, even the Senate interferes in a way that, if our House of Lords, before the Parliament Bill, had acted in a similar manner, it would have meant an outcry from the Radicals like that of the Queen in "Alice." The easy-going Americans probably knew that Roosevelt sometimes exceeded his constitutional power, but saw that in the main he was right and honest, and

supported him in abolishing abuses. He fought the Trusts, and with equal energy fought the Trades Unions, when he considered either were unjust. He cut red tape to ribbons in the Civil Service. What strikes one is his vigour and interest in life, and the amazing number of people in all spheres whom he knew intimately.

He considers there were two schools of political thought, upheld with equal sincerity; the division was not normally along political but temperamental lines. He believed in Presidents of the type of Andrew Jackson, who, by the way, is only known to the average Briton as the godfather of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," and Abraham Lincoln, who served the people affirmatively in cases where the Constitution did not explicitly forbid certain courses of action. Buchanan and Taft seem to think that the President was merely the servant of the Congress, and did not act unless invited to do so by that body. Roosevelt followed Lincoln and, like Cromwell, he was "a king in fact, all but the name." This book is, I suppose, the first time that the ruler of a great nation has so frankly taken the world into his confidence.

## Villon

*The Poems of François Villon.* Translated by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

FRANÇOIS VILLON occupies a unique position in literature. His life, or a part of it, is better known to the superficially cultured than his poems; yet we must modify this statement a little: a few tags from his poems are as universally famous and remembered as anything out of the Middle Ages, and the bits of his life that are generally known are known very inaccurately. Villon is such an ideal hero of historical romance and costume-play that he has ended by becoming almost too popular, and has had to yield his part on occasion to less hackneyed actors, such as the shadowy Gringoire.

Mr. Stacpoole has undertaken a formidable task, and has emerged from it, we incline to think, with no little credit. Difficulties of idiom and difficulties of atmosphere have over and over again been most successfully surmounted. It is extraordinary how easily some of Villon's master-lines slide into the right number of English syllables, with a really useful word at the end. At other times liberty is very hardly won indeed: as prisoners have been known to make ropes out of their bed-clothes, the translator, in a case like this, is sometimes driven, in order to give rotundity and consistency to his verse, to incorporate into it—may we be forgiven for dallying too long with a seductive analogy!—his very mattress! We open Mr. Stacpoole's book at his translation of "Les Regrets de la belle Heaulmière," and we find these lines:



For love of one black thief who used  
My youth as bee the flowering bow.

Good lines! Swinburne would not have disowned them. But in Villon's text there is no bee and no "flowering bow." We have grave doubts as to the legitimacy of the procedure. The Second Commandment's embargo on the production of graven images applies, in our view, to the translator of a poet. It would be a little painful to be asked to recall, say by some University Extension lecturer, "Villon's beautiful image of the bee and the flowering bow."

Perhaps other readers will be more indulgent. The fault, if it be one, is not very frequent. Something had to be done, and Mr. Stacpoole, left to himself, writes very good modern English Villonese. Something had to be done, here for one reason, there for another. Sometimes the translator is faced with the dilemma of sacrificing either a whole poem or one "unprintable" phrase. We admire the humorous agility with which he successfully fills up a lacuna; "here for words place dots" completes a line, maintains a rhyme, and warns the reader to look or not to look, as the case may be, in the appendix, where he would find all the originals of the translations and one or two other poems.

There is no formal biography. Mr. Stacpoole thinks that biography in such a case is more or less synonymous with slander. And the acts of François Villon—are they not written in the "Ballades" and the two Testaments? Mr. Stacpoole is very eloquent on the text, "Other times, other morals," and insists that Villon was a truly good man and, "considering the times in which he lived, wonderfully clean-spoken and devoid of brutality." It is perhaps true, and, if true, certainly regrettable, that our age and country expects this sort of prefatory apologia, but the habitual traveller in the realms of history, which are seldom the "realms of gold," will always find it tedious and disconcerting. Besides, the Philistine is as suspicious of eloquence as he is of other forms of art. He will cheer Mirabeau the speaker, but when he goes home he will moralise complacently on Mirabeau the man, and quote with gusto Mirabeau's sublime last confession of failure.

We seem to do nothing but carp and quibble. Our intentions are really quite different. We recommend this book confidently—we were going to say "unreservedly," when we remembered that we had hinted at some, probably purely subjective, reservations—to everyone who likes good poetry with a subtle aroma of the past. But there is one point we cannot pass over. *Why* does Mr. Stacpoole say that "Villon is the greatest and truest of French verse-writers"? His reply, indeed, follows on the heels of his statement: "He is the only French poet who is entirely real; all the rest are tinged with artifice." This may be true; but, at most, it only applies to the *truth* of Villon's poetry. No Englishman has the right to say that somebody is "the greatest of French verse-writers." Every Frenchman may say it, though the name used to fill the blank will not always be the same. We may add that we are of the opinion of Mr. Stacpoole.

## "The Cry of the Children"

*The Life of the Rev. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, LL.D.* By WILLIAM BRADFIELD. Illustrated. (C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)

ALMOST at the same time that Dr. Barnardo was beginning his great work which afterwards became so famous, Thomas Stephenson, with two friends, initiated a similar scheme for outcast waifs and strays. On July 9, 1869, the first two boys were received into "The Children's Home," a mere rented cottage in the neighbourhood of the railway arches which cluster round Waterloo Station. From this small beginning sprang the well-known Home for Children in Bonner Road. In the first year twenty-nine children were received, and the ordinary income was £307. In the year 1911, no less than two thousand two hundred children passed through the Home, and the income totalled £54,715. In 1872, a farm was established in Lancashire, and later, another in Canada, to which large numbers of children were transplanted. Dr. Stephenson's other great work was the institution of deaconesses for work among the poor, the result of the impressions he received from a visit to Kaiserswerth during the time of the Franco-German War, as Florence Nightingale had been stirred by her visit some twenty years before. Eventually Dr. Stephenson founded the Wesley Deaconess Institute, a work which is to-day in process of wide development. The story of this fine philanthropy is well told in this interesting biography of Dr. Stephenson, who was born at Red Barn, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1839, the centenary year of the "Society of the People called Methodists." He was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield, and in 1859 he was accepted by the Conference for the ministry and sent for training to Richmond College. A few years later he took his degree in Arts at the University of London, and entered on his ministry at Norwich, where he laboured until he was transferred to the Waterloo Road Chapel, London. Here his attention was first drawn to the outcast, homeless children who used to sleep among collections of boxes and barrels in back yards, of whom Dr. Osborn's daughter wrote a pathetic little ballad, beginning:

Poor little Scaramouch, homeless and sad!  
Ragged little Scaramouch, dirty and bad!  
Father gone to prison, mother in her grave,  
Vice and crimes learnt betimes; who is then to save?

Stephenson and his colleagues, Mr. Horner and Mr. Mager, came nobly to the rescue, and the memories of thousands of good men and women must now call them blessed. In 1877 a beautiful chapel was opened for the Bonner Road Home, and at a festival in connection with the ceremony on May Day, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Minister for Education, took the chair, and Dean Stanley also came to support the Children's Home. Mr. Bradfield remarks on Dr. Stephenson's peculiar fitness for the work:—"His own temperament and disposition fitted him admirably for the care of these little ones. He had very high ideals



of the importance of duty, order, and obedience. The children of the Home were his children, and he never thought of himself as divided from them by any social barrier." The Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton), after being taken round the Home, observed that he knew how easy it was to arrange things for an inspection, "but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "it was not easy to arrange beforehand that children should hang on to a man's coat-tails, and claim him as their property as they had done for Dr. Stephenson." In 1874 Dr. Stephenson headed the poll by a large majority for the Hackney division at the second triennial election of the London School Board. Dr. Stephenson was a deeply spiritual man, and he made the chapel at Bonner Road Home the centre of that earnest religious teaching which had so permanent an effect on the character and afterlife of the children. Those who read this record of a noble life will learn something of the secret of his powerful influence. There are several portraits in the book, of which the most striking forms the frontispiece, where the good Doctor is pictured in cassock, cap and gown, wearing the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, of which he was an Honorary Associate as a "person eminently distinguished for philanthropy."

## A Literary Phenomenon

*Scientific Proofs of Another Life.* Compiled by ROSE LEVERE, LL.B. (J. E. Evans-Jackson and Co. 5s. net.)

TRULY this is one of the most remarkable books ever "embalmed in printer's ink," if we may borrow Mr. W. T. Stead's striking, and post-mundane, phrase. At last we are able to see ourselves as the spirits of the departed see us. We now know something of Public Opinion in the Great Beyond. The ordinary current views of the spirit-world on the events past and present of this sphere are actually within our grasp. It is just as if we took up the *Spiritual Daily News*, or whatever in the next world corresponds to one of our beloved halfpenny papers. And this wonderful result is entirely due to the hardihood of Miss Rose Levere, a member of the New York Bar, who has had the courage to interview nearly one hundred departed spirits. But we had better give the "scientific proofs" in this gallant lady's own words:

The essays herein are by persons of historical distinction, who now come back in spirit and independently write them. The letters were given in my own room under conditions which to me established beyond all peradventure the identity of the writers and the genuineness of the writings. But they hold inherent qualities which show this. The choice of themes, the style, the diction, the character of expression so peculiar to each writer, and so impossible of successful imitation, will at once appeal to the intelligence of every reader endowed with ordinary literary genius.

What further need have we of proofs? Indeed there are none. All modern science must stand at once dumb and confounded. Besides, chivalry—and, despite Burke, the age of chivalry is not quite dead—chivalry accepts unhesitatingly the courteous dedication: "With love and kind regard to all into whose hands this book shall fall, I dedicate it as a pronouncedly affirmative answer to the question asked in all ages, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

One of the oldest spirits to appear in Miss Levere's room was that of Moses, who thus gave utterance:

Now I, Moses, cometh unto ye (*sic*) this night in the city of New York, and speak unto ye saying, I had bounds set around Sinai that the multitudes should not come upon the mount and interrupt the writing and talking seance. The giving of the tables of stone meant the giving me a place to find them. The glory of the Lord was the harmonious condition necessary. The tables of stone were smooth plates of soft stone or slate deposit . . . and in the midst of the darkness the great commandments were scratched upon the surface of the tablets by an angel hand sent thither by the Lord.

Now the veriest tyro in criticism, if "endowed with ordinary literary genius," must at once recognise here "the style, the diction, the character of expression, peculiar" to the (reputed) author of the book of the Exodus. It is true that the spirit-Moses' command of English leaves something to be desired. But allowance must be made for some possible difficulties of translation into Americanese. It would be interesting to know what language the spirit used as a medium of communication. Perhaps, however, all spirits now learn English as the language of the future. In the present case the convenience of such a course is obvious, seeing that among the shadowy contributors may be found such figures as Socrates, Pontius Pilate, and Jeanne d'Arc.

The famous Greek philosopher gives a striking example of the well-known Socratic dialogue, thus: "A child with its father on a railroad train asked: 'Papa, why is it I feel so good when the train goes fast?' 'Because,' answered the father, 'rapid travelling exhilarates.'" For the sake of the sage's reputation it is almost a pity that Miss Levere did not suppress the rest of his shallow and commonplace letter on exhilaration; for example: "A glass of wine exhilarates. Anything that lifts us above the more sordid conditions of earth has a tendency to exhilarate us. . . . Anything that hastens us through the air gives the spirit a sense of temporary emancipation from the material environments of its ponderous encompassments."

Jeanne d'Arc informs us that "it was as possible to have had in operation a dynamo in the City of Pompeii as in the City of Philadelphia, for the same law governs the energy to-day that did in the days of Moses. Law is as old as the universe, and older." But we can excuse her much, as she sketched a portrait of herself and labelled it "The only true likeness in existence." The Marquis de Lafayette discourses on his impressions of George Washington, who "when a young man was a great admirer of the fair sex, and

had his sweethearts in many sections of the thirteen colonies." Pontius Pilate gave a sort of medical account of the death of Christ on the Cross, as the result of a broken heart. This was very kindly translated and transcribed by Mr. W. T. Stead, who also gave his services in writing out the Law of Parentage by Daoud, the Soul-Mother of the Compiler of this Book (*i.e.*, Miss Levere), who lived fourteen thousand years ago in Amia, the seventh province of Atlantis. Among other spirit-contributors may be mentioned Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Dean Swift ("Is Inspiration Insanity?" an able defence or *apologia*), Sir Isaac Newton, and Phineas T. Barnum. One and all have a marvellous acquaintance with modern mundane affairs, and especially with things American, but unfortunately they tell us nothing definite about the "Great Beyond" which they inhabit. Still, it is kind of them to discuss our trivial affairs so readily with us, and we trust that on the first opportunity Miss Levere will be so good as to convey to them our most grateful thanks. One thing we notice, with some regret for the dear souls—not a single one possesses even the ghost of humour. They still apparently take life very seriously. Each article in this book is accompanied by a picture of the contributor, and we are told on the authority of Mr. Stead that "the portraits were drawn independently by the spirit-artists, a picture being drawn as shown by the enclosed cuts at one sitting." A more ghastly and gruesome set of caricatures we have seldom seen. Many of them look positively imbecile. For all that, as Mr. Stead tells us, "No volume compiled in any age of the world equals in uniqueness this one, from the fact that the literary work of it was done absolutely independently by spirits." This judgment we can fully endorse by saying that it is as a literary phenomenon we call attention to this work. It stands alone. It exhausts a class. It is its own great parallel. It fills up, begins, and ends, a chapter in the Curiosities of Literature.

P. A. M. S.

## Eighty Years of Work and Play

*Bar, Bat, and Bit: Recollections and Experiences.* By the HON. SIR EDWARD CHANDOS LEIGH, K.C.B., K.G. Edited by F. ROBERT BUSH, M.A., Secretary of the London Playing Fields Society. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

SIR EDWARD CHANDOS LEIGH has set down his reminiscences in a simple and attractive manner. As they include in their scope a period of eighty years and a great many persons who have also been personalities during that period, they throw a good many side-lights on the history of our times.

The title of the book is happily chosen. The author has many interests, but the Bar, cricket, and the hunting-field are the three matters that have claimed him most. His beneficent and successful efforts on

behalf of the London Playing Fields Society have flowed, we imagine, directly out of his love for cricket and the sympathy that impels us, "when we have a good thing, to make it common."

The author has a fourth interest, which he does not specify in his title, but, as he shares it with all mankind, except a certain number of pessimists and a few impossible optimists, he is probably right in withholding from it special significance. He has always had a lively and informed interest in politics, and has a good deal to tell us of the statesmen of the period. His political complexion has been steady Whig, but his general attitude more nearly approaches that keen impartiality that is sometimes sighed for than that of any modern we can remember. It is to be remembered that he was for a great many years Speaker's Counsel, a position of vantage for the spectacular consideration of the Parliamentary battle.

The Bar is a joyful mother of anecdote. There are many little stories of forensic experience in these pages. We were particularly charmed with the following invitation conveyed by a coachman during Sir Edward Chandos Leigh's rounds as revising barrister: "Please, sir, the public hangman lives near here, and he wants to see you, because he says you prosecuted for murder, at Lincoln Assizes, the first man he ever hanged!" A retort made to Lord Brampton, who was notoriously close-fisted, has, it appears, been fathered on to various people, but here it is attributed to an anonymous Q.C.; the repartee is: "What is the use of saving money? You can't take it with you when you die, and, if you did, it would *melt*."

Among the cricket stories are accounts of two ridiculous single-wicket matches, "no-balls not to count," in one of which the challenger bowled his opponent from "within three yards of the wicket," and won on the special conditions. The writer learnt his cricket at Harrow "by means of a catapult"—his own suggestion. The hunting reminiscences include portraits of some very famous men, and accounts of famous runs, especially with the Warwickshire and Pytchley hounds.

Some of the most interesting pages deal with Harrow and Oxford. We are a little surprised to find the writer's account of his old school summed up in a kind of *apologia*. He speaks of Harrow as "a school which it was getting a little the fashion to decry."

Oxford stands for undergraduate days at Oriel and a fellowship at All Souls'. A photograph of the Bullingdon Club, with a very imperfect key to the names of the members, figures, rather unexpectedly, late in the volume; we can discover no other allusion to the Bullingdon Club.

Sir Edward Chandos Leigh has, with the exception of a short and rather perfunctory philippic against certain modernities, held the balance between then and now, between crabbéd age and crabbéd youth. That is to say that these are not only entertaining but genuine reminiscences.



## Queens of Aragon

*The Queens of Aragon: Their Lives and Times.* By E. L. MIRON. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

THIS account of the twenty-six Queens of Aragon, from Gisberga or Ermesinda to Juana de Enriquez, is a little disappointing. It tends to emphasise the pathos of the poem by Coplas de Manrique, quoted at the commencement of the book. To the poet's plaintive questions, where are the princes of Aragon, "the highly-born dames," "the gentle knights," "the song of Troubadour," "the mazy dance of old"? we can but answer that these romantic beings and gay happenings of the mediæval Kingdom of Aragon scarcely live again in Mr. Miron's pages. Had he caught something of the spirit of the old Troubadours he would have written a much more interesting book, described fewer "supers," and really shown us that "Queenship of Aragon was no less queenship of the Courts of Love." He has given us instead the rather dry bones of history, with a wealth of detail and a vast accumulation of names that are often simply bewildering. The canvas is over-crowded, and his zeal for amassing facts and straying occasionally into side-issues has tended to blur a picture that might have been full of pomp and circumstance, touched with the glamour of romance, and quickened with the fire of poetry.

Our feeling of disappointment, however, cannot be laid entirely at the author's door. If his book is lacking in feminine interest, if we see far too little of the Queens of Aragon, it is partly because these royal ladies, in spite of their beauty and other attractions, received insufficient notice from contemporary historians. "It is from the densest mists of mediæval history that we must summon these Queens of the past," writes Mr. Miron, "and we shall often find ourselves baffled in our quest for truth about them." This is a frank confession, but the stories, excepting the fascinating account of Urraca, and one or two others, are really too thin, too wrapt up in "densest mists," to form the main theme of a fairly lengthy volume. The chronicler of that period was evidently not caught "by the spell of beauty on a throne." He lived in eventful times, and seems to have devoted his energy to setting down what he regarded as weightier matters. "On four occasions only during four centuries is there mention and description of the coronation of a Queen of Aragon," an omission that seems to prove that the historian was a very ungallant and one-sided person.

These Queens, for the most part, lived behind a veil while their lords were engaged in battle or in affairs of State. Writing of the Aragonese, Mr. Miron observes: "Once, and once only, in their strenuous history, they called a woman-child to rule over them, but they called her from a cradle, and they gave her, with her crown, a strong man, almost old enough to be her father, to

teach her queenship." The wonder is that with such scant recognition, such meagre appreciation, there were any Queens of Aragon at all. Only an ardent and mirthful Troubadour could have lifted the veil that hid these royal ladies and revealed the very essence of romance. Sometimes he did so with the result that he quickened a page of history for all time. Troubadours were poet-adventurers, and as such highly favoured, but unfortunately there was a limit to their singing, and far too infrequently were they bidden to lighten the sombre accounts of learned but dull historians.

Mr. Miron has an intimate knowledge of his subject, and students will find his imposing bibliography useful. Only once does he break forth into cheap and irritating staccato sentences, merely clap-trap questions that are unworthy of a style that is otherwise dignified. On page 44, writing of Urraca, he inquires: "What was the truth of her? The voluptuous termagant? Or the wronged and religious Queen? Victim, or evil genius? Who shall decide?"

## The Peculiar Treasure of Kings

*Le Style Louis XVI, Mobilier et Décoration.* By SEYMOUR DE RICCI. (Hachette & Co. 25 f.)

NOT long since, Mr. William Heinemann sent us a splendid English version of Mr. Seymour de Ricci's work, of which we wrote as "Furniture before 'The Deluge'"; now we have the advantage of seeing the Paris edition in its native form. There is not, of course, much that is fresh to be written upon the subject, but we are very happy to have the opportunity of drawing the attention of our French readers to a volume which is in itself a very encyclopædia and treasury of the decorative forms which began to take the taste of princes when Louis XV was king, and which lasted until the great Revolution.

During the last fifteen years or so in England there has grown up an abounding interest in the fine craft of delicate cabinet-work, and thus the productions for the Courts of France during the eighteenth century have necessarily received our close attention and vast appreciation.

For the men who worked in Paris under the patronage of the Bourbons and their followers were indeed master cabinet-makers, even if our enfranchised views on decoration suggest that they inclined too fully towards the meticulous and bejewelled. Although the style Louis XVI may be said to have made considerably for simplicity, and it could not longer be said, as Voltaire sang—

Ces cabinets où Martin  
A surpassé l'art de la Chine,

and it was held that the period of curious *pagodas*, *chinoiseries*, and *singeries* had passed, still many



delicate vanities remained which our own men of the Chippendale type used and broadened and, in the view of many, ennobled. But apart from the designs of Louis XVI furniture—so admirably suited to the architecture of that time—it was the exquisite workmanship which commanded the attention of the connoisseur, and now, more than ever, gains the praise of the cleverest cabinet-worker. Mr. Ricci's elaborately illustrated volume not only shows us a vast quantity of examples of the period with which he deals, and of rooms in which they were set, but it also helps the willing student to know exactly where these pieces may be found and, we apprehend, examined. However engaging a book on furniture may be, however fully and fitly illustrated, it is the pieces themselves that the enthusiast wishes to see and, if possible, to handle. We are rich in such examples in England, but none the less grateful to so accomplished a writer for pointing out to us the homes of many other carefully preserved specimens of a style that grows every day in interest.

All the cabinet-makers of importance towards the end of the eighteenth century are well represented, and also a considerable number of persons who strove to work in an even simpler style. The result is a volume, whether in French or in English, which no collector of furniture should be without, and which no craftsman in the enchanted world of cabinet-work can afford to neglect.

### An Amiable Book

*Memories of a Musician.* By WILHELM GANZ. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

THIS amiable book has an interest beyond that of a mere record of the celebrated musicians whom, in the course of a long life in London, the author had seen or spoken to. Our shelves sustain many volumes of musical reminiscences which treat of Mr. Ganz's period, and make mention of cursory interviews with distinguished folk. It thrills us no longer to read that "I was present at the *début* of Mme. Leatherlungs as Norma; it may be described as a triumph; many were moved to tears, and the stage became a garden owing to the number of bouquets that were cast at the feet of the *diva*. I met her frequently both in musical and aristocratic houses. The essence of good nature, she yet had a quick temper, and I remember seeing her box the ears of old Signor Continuo when he had played the final chord of the aria, without waiting for her to descend from her prolonged *C in altissimo*. She made it all right, however, the next day, by sending him a great cheese from Hudson's—the Signor loved cheese—and it was said that they toasted slices of it together before her bedroom fire at her house in Abbey Road, in token of their reconciliation." Mr. Ganz enlivens his pages with many a pleasant anecdote about a public idol; with apparent unconcern he not infrequently lifts

the corner of a curtain, and his book affords a curious and useful survey of the ebb and flow of music's tide in London during the seventy years when he dabbled his feet in that capricious flood. But he himself is, after all, the most interesting part of his book. He came to England as a boy of fifteen, ready to play the violin in a quartett or an orchestra—or the cymbals, it did not matter; to accompany at a party for half a guinea; to do anything, in fact, that he was asked. He could do many things, it appears, but probably his versatility stood in his way, for he never achieved a commanding position either as a solo pianist or a leader of orchestras. Yet he arrives, and speedily, at a very comfortable and honourable place in the city of his choice. He has a house in Harley Street, he sends his sons to the Universities, he is a welcome guest in many a country mansion, and is always sure of a cordial nod of recognition from very great persons. He gives lessons on the piano to the great persons' daughters, he organises their musical *soirées*, he conducts orchestral concerts, and is the acquaintance, if not the friend, of all in that great flock of celebrated musicians or performers which annually lights down upon our shores.

To have attained such a secure and agreeable eminence in London denotes the possession by Mr. Ganz of remarkable qualities of character. We mean no disrespect to his talents when we say that there must have been many of his contemporaries who started with similar, perhaps with even greater chances of success, his rivals in musical ability, of character as unblemished, who never knew a tithe of his success. Why was Fortune so kind to Mr. Ganz? It is impossible to read his book and remain in ignorance of the answer to this question. His writings breathe such an air of kindness and simplicity in the best sense of that word, such a friendly air of content with the world and readiness to make the best of people and things, that we are sure we have found the secret of his success. This is the autobiography of one who has the charity that "thinketh no evil." There is not a word in it that could give pain to the most sensitive; here we are entirely and wonderfully free from that atmosphere of jealousy, suspicion and rivalry which musicians are supposed to live and thrive in. Mr. Ganz no doubt had ability, diligence and devotion to his patrons' interests to recommend him, but he had more. He must have had that in him which made them conscious that he could be a good friend as well as a good teacher or adviser.

These "Memories of a Musician," then, interest us primarily as the guileless story of a man who can surely never have done or said anything unkind, of a nature happy and ungrudging, of a success that must have disarmed the envy of rivals. But they are also interesting for what they tell us about famous musical folk. As we read, we are listening to the simply but eagerly told reminiscences of a man who had heard Edward Fitzgerald's "My old Pasta." Think of that, ye moderns! Pasta, alas, was past her prime by a good deal when Mr. Ganz heard her, but Jenny Lind was not,

and he knew her well. He saw Rachel as Andromache, he knew Jansa who had played in first performances of Beethoven's Quartets, he was at the *première* of "Rigoletto" in 1853, he knew Mme. Dulcken the pianist whom Rush, the Stanfield murderer, went to hear in Norwich while meditating the slaughter of half a dozen persons. He played in the orchestra when Berlioz conducted the Choral Symphony after five rehearsals; he knew Wagner, and did his best to play Wagner at his orchestral concerts before the days of Richter. He brought St. Saëns to London, he gave the first complete performance here of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and the Dante Symphony of Liszt. He heard Braham sing "Total Eclipse" when that great tenor was eighty years old. These were memories worth recording. We like, also, to know that placid-looking Mme. Tietjens began by having a horrid temper which led her to smash all the crockery she could reach, and that her wise sister used to send out for penny tea-cups when she saw a storm brewing, and that the great singer eventually conquered her temper. We like to think of Mr. Edward Lloyd earning £1,500 in six months by royalties on "The Holy City" and "The Star of Bethlehem"; of Mme. Patti, though *she* never had to keep her agility in order like other singers, practising her angel-voice on Bach's pianoforte fugues; of an eminent teacher of singing saying to a newly arrived and unknown singer of remarkable gifts and a beautiful voice, "Will you be my show pupil? I will give you £3 a week if you will!" We tremble as we read of Mme. Schumann playing Chopin at a party, while all the company talked; we wonder if Lord Morley knew that Mr. Gladstone "used to sing in his younger days"; we sympathise with Verdi for "hiring for the whole season" all the barrel organs in Genoa that played "Rigoletto" and "Trovatore," and locking them up in his rooms; we love Offenbach for his letters to Wagner acknowledging the present of a copy of "Das Judenthum in der Musik":—"Dear Wagner, you had better stick to music"; and, later, a copy of the "Meistersinger": "Dear Wagner, I think you had better stick to writing books." Mr. Ganz giving lessons to an old lady of eighty in Beethoven's Sonatas; teaching the piano to Miss Braddon; sitting next Lord Beaconsfield at dinner, but never hearing him speak—these are among the pleasant pictures which this book has given us. We are sure that Miss Braddon was a delightful pupil, and that Dizzy could be an awe-inspiring neighbour. We began by describing this as an "amiable book." It will be seen that we have found it entertaining. But what we have liked best in it is the picture of a man so *bienveillant*, so cordial, so uniformly genial as its good-hearted author.

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Messrs. John Long, Ltd., will shortly publish a new novel entitled "Mary's Marriage," by Edmund Bosanquet, author of "A Society Mother" and "Catching a Coronet."

## Shorter Reviews

*The Austrian Officer at Work and at Play.* By DOROTHEA GERARD. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

AUSTRIA has lately been more in our thoughts than usual, owing to the visit of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne, to England. We ought to know and think more of Austria than we do; her past history, position on the Continent and military strength should all induce us to bear her in mind as an important factor in political developments. It is the word Habsburg that binds together in Austria a heterogeneous mass of nationalities. As a member of the Triple Alliance Austria's weight might any day be thrown on the side of Germany. But this little book compiled by the wife of an Austrian cavalry officer does not pretend to deal with high politics or grave military questions. She has divided her work into two parts: *Echoes of War*, and *Evolutions of Peace*. She admits that, many triumphs notwithstanding, the nineteenth century was on the whole a century of mourning for Austria. The Empire issued morally weakened from the Italian campaign of 1848-9 and the rebellion of Hungary; in 1859 she was worsted by the French and lost all hold on Italy; she gained nothing from the Danish war of 1864, and was crushed by Prussia in 1866; the occupation of Bosnia in 1878 was a long, wearisome, and seemingly interminable task. The historical narrative is of the lightest description. The second part, which deals with the life and pursuits of the Austrian officer, his duties, pastimes, escapades, exploits and feats, chiefly of horsemanship, is much more lively and interesting. Some of the stories tax the reader's credulity, and the author does not vouch for the absolute accuracy of each detail, many of the incidents naturally not having come under her personal notice. Many changes have been introduced, it is said, in the Austrian army; hard drinking has given place to modified abstemiousness; duelling is rarer, though not abolished, but the officer's life is still gay, and he meets death gaily; the army is stated to be animated by one common zeal. The book will commend itself to military men, and should find a place on every regimental reading table. The general reader will find some information in the first part, and much entertainment in the numerous anecdotes of the second.

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*My Recollections and Reflections.* By YOSHIO MARKINO. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

AFTER many years of struggle and hardship, Mr. Markino has now attained for himself the certainty of an appreciative public for almost anything he may write. There are those who criticise, sometimes unkindly, at other times almost brutally, what they term the "pidgin-English which is supposed to be 'quaint,' "



accusing the kindly Jap of posing in order to supply the periodicals with what they want, namely, essays in broken English. In the chapter headed "Emotion and Etymology" Mr. Markino deals with this matter, and explains in his own inimitable manner the reason for his "imperfect" English. May it be long before he learns to speak, without a slip, the language of the country he has adopted; for the English tongue never sounds so beautiful as when spoken with the clear enunciation and accented syllables of an educated foreigner.

In the present book, the author treats of many subjects. The chapter relating to Hara, the Japanese artist, and the contrast Markino draws between himself and his friend are interesting reading, and prove that the writer is no egoist, and is perfectly willing to give unstinted praise where it is due, even when by so doing he exalts another at the expense of himself.

One of the best parts of the book is that devoted to the Post-Impressionists. As an artist, with all an artist's emotions and insight into causes, Mr. Markino's opinions on this subject are well worth perusing, and should form a guide for those people who know so little what to make of some of the strange artistic productions of the present day.

As he says himself, the Japanese art is nearer akin to the French than the English, and, if the art, also the artists; therefore, probably it is to his dear John Bulleses that Mr. Markino's book will make the greater appeal; for in every sentence he writes he reveals himself and his own personal feeling on all matters, social and philosophical. Englishmen do not, as a rule, do this, and unfortunately are apt to mistrust men of other nations who differ in this respect from themselves. However, should only the fair sex be pleased, something not to be despised will have been accomplished. One small complaint we would make; the illustrations are a little disappointing. There are none of those delightful thumb-nail sketches which were so charming in "My Idealed John Bulleses."

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*George Wyndham.* By CHARLES BOYD. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)

ANYTHING which refers to perhaps the most engaging personality who has flitted across the parliamentary stage in recent times must be of extraordinary interest. George Wyndham was a man of a century. We do not mean that he was a giant of intellect, but he was a level-headed, honest and successful politician. It is unnecessary to refer to the eminent advantages which he possessed in an illustrious lineage and a most delightful presence; suffice it to say that his varied career as soldier, country gentleman and statesman is without tarnish. The little reprint from the *Cornhill* magazine, from an article by one who was intimately acquainted with Wyndham, is very acceptable; later on we are promised a detailed life and the publication of the private correspondence of the famous Chief Secretary.

In the present small volume we are given a few examples of his epistolary style. It is racy and vigorous, and although from the extracts culled it is evident that Wyndham lacked the extraordinary elegance and finish of Cowper as a letter writer, it yet must be conceded that he took a very high rank amongst those who in the present day by hereditary talent and personal genius preserve the almost lost art of letter-writing.

Wyndham's principal achievement was of course his great measure of land purchase in Ireland, and here we think that it is instructive to recall how the influence of one mind has contributed to the immortality of those who developed his policy.

The late Lord Salisbury laid down in effect the policy which raised Mr. Arthur Balfour to the position of Prime Minister, and which led to Wyndham's political celebrity. Mr. Balfour carried through with extraordinary ability the policy of "resolute government" laid down by Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Wyndham, as private secretary to Mr. Balfour, imbibed the ideas which flowed from Lord Salisbury.

The policy of resolute government did not and was not intended to shut the door to conciliatory and remedial measures. The select committee of the House of Lords which was presided over by the late Lord Cairns, and of which Lord Salisbury was a member, clearly recognised that the question of the land was at the root of all the trouble in Ireland, and they reported accordingly. Hence the Ashbourne Act, which was a good beginning, and the Wyndham Act, which was a splendid culmination. If Wyndham's Act has failed at all, the fault is not in the Act, but in the parsimonious interpretation of it.

The pity of it! The popular, the loved statesman cut off in the full enjoyment of life, as is apparent from his correspondence up to the last. Heavy indeed was the loss to the country, when Wyndham and Lyttelton were called away within a short time of each other at a critical period when the influence of their characters and accomplishments were essentially needed.

C. C.

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*Cobbles Gentleman, Limited, and Other Stories.* By AUSTEN SOMERS. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1s. net.)

THE four sketches forming this small book are described as comedies; but, if they are noted for anything in particular, it is for the lack of humour in their construction. The first one, "Cobbles Gentleman, Limited," has a small plot, capable of good development, but the opportunity is missed, and a merely dull recital of what befell a waiter during a day's holiday is the result. The same may be said of the other three stories; the working-out is not good enough. Not a smile can be raised from one of them.



## Fiction

*Hands Up!* By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

WITH a very short interval, Mr. Niven takes us from a study of middle-class social life in Edinburgh, in "Ellen Adair," to a study of high-class cow-punching and train-robbing in the Wild West, in "Hands Up!" The transition proves his skill; if one of the stories pleased us, well and good; if both please us—and they do—we acknowledge his mastery of two spheres.

We are not on a level with certain haughty and dogmatic reviewers who endeavour to instruct Mr. Niven in the difficult business of dealing with half-wild cattle, who know precisely how a calf should be held, and who say in effect: "When we were cow-punchers we didn't do it *that way*." Such superior knowledge, such glorious exhibitions of technique, are beyond us; we, alas! shall never help at the branding, never watch the daily train pull out of "Black Kettle," never know such a character as Apache Kid, that queer mixture of ferocity and friendliness. But we can thank those who picture these things so vividly, and say, without any reservations, that this is as fine and lively a story as we have read for a long time. It is full of adventure and excitement, yet not without excellent studies of character; Apache Kid, who would hold up a train-crew at the muzzle of his "gun" and think nothing of it, and the next day risk his life for a friend, being one of the best. "Scolty," the little telegraph-clerk at Black Kettle, the doctor who came from miles away on a "pump-car" to attend to Apache, and several other people in the story, are as real as actual friends. We congratulate the author on a splendid addition to his list of novels.

*Sentiment.* By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

APPARENTLY the author made up his mind to write a novel, and gave up the task halfway, for the story which gives this book its name occupies just half the pages, while the rest of the volume is given up to short stories. "Sentiment" is a very merry yarn indeed, and William, the hero, provokes a considerable amount of mirth on the reader's part. Penelope, the heroine, is a clever character study, a sensuous, pleasure-loving girl whom we feel will never reveal all of herself—the enigma of womanhood personified. William as a poet is fun undiluted, for the story is half farce and half drama, but wholly worth reading.

The remainder of the stories are mixed in character and quality. "Mrs. Turner" is a grimly realistic sketch of poverty's worst side, and on the other hand the last story in the book is an exquisite little piece of irony, telling as it does, of a woman who was extremely shocked at finding that a poet had idealised her—as if

Dante's Beatrice had been wroth at finding out that Dante had immortalised her. Here are stories for every mood, for the most part above the average in quality.

*A Social Innocent.* By R. ST. JOHN COLTHURST. (John Long. 6s.)

FOR little witticisms of the chuckle-provoking order, this book would be hard to beat; for example, sport and politics, says one character, "seem to be one and the same thing in Ireland." These little japes, however, are almost lost without the context, and they only form one side of the story. It concerns a man with plenty of money, who had never left Ireland—and wild Ireland at that—until he had reached the age when most men have nearly learned the wisdom of indiscretions. He came to England as a very unworldly person, and made the blunders that an unworldly person would naturally make in high—very high—society. How he learned wisdom of a sort, and how in the learning he found his ideal woman, make up the story, and we recommend it as excellent light reading.

Yet it is not all light, for once in a while the author is moved to reflection, which expresses itself in some little serious paragraphs, generally at the beginnings of chapters. They are rather stilted, as if the writer were new to this sort of thing, but they ring true, and for once we do not find them wearisome. In spite of its amusing pages, the book is written earnestly, yet without cant or cant phrases; it is a fresh, healthy story, and should achieve a good measure of success.

*Exceeding Pleasant.* By L. OULTON. Illustrated. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

SOME of these tales are exceeding uninteresting rather than "exceeding pleasant"; there is, for instance, the one entitled "Old Crown Derby," which reads like an unsuccessful attempt to "pot" a third-rate melodrama, Pelissier fashion, and leaves us in doubt as to whether the author seriously intended to write a story, or suffered from nightmare and wrote the thing before being thoroughly waked up. The story which gives a title to the collection is a very dull affair; we tried to read into it political satire, a skit on suffrage, or some other hidden meaning, and failed miserably; it remains an enigma, and a tiresome one at that.

But the last tale in the book atones for all the rest; it is entitled "The Black Dread," and tells of the return of "The O'Hehir" to an old Irish castle, and the fate that befel him there. For gruesome fascination this sketch is equal to the work of Bram Stoker at his best—or worst, as inclination may dictate. The phantom ropes that dangled before the eyes of the O'Hehir, and the tentacles that came from nowhere to grip him, are depicted with ghastly realism, and we advise readers whose nerves are shaky to save up this story for a morning perusal—they may read the rest with perfect safety at any hour they like, and in that we take their patience for granted.

## In the Learned World

THE discovery by M. Armand Gautier of the wide-spread diffusion throughout nature of fluorine may turn out to be one of the most important of the century. Fluorine, which belongs to the group of elements known as halogens or salt-formers, was until lately almost unknown to us, the use of hydrofluoric acid in "etching" or eating away the surface of glass being about its only property put to commercial use. On its isolation by Moissan in 1886 it was hailed as the "alcahest" or universal solvent of the alchemists, inasmuch as it attacked nearly all known substances, formed a violent explosive with hydrogen, and generally behaved like a perfect fury. Later researches, noted in this column from time to time, have shown that fluorine is present in small quantities in the blood, bones, and secretions of ourselves and other animals, although its use in the organism is a mystery. M. Gautier has now shown by experiments just communicated to the Académie des Sciences that what are called thermal waters, which are always of eruptive origin, invariably contain fluorine, and, following up this clue, he has found fluorine in large quantities in the gases escaping from the craters of active volcanoes, especially Vesuvius. Of the waters containing it, that of Vichy is perhaps the most familiar to the general reader, and there is now little doubt as to its frequent occurrence elsewhere. Its possible use may be indicated by the part that it plays in the formation of ozone. M. Gautier has been helped in his researches by M. P. Clausmann, and a summary of them will be shortly published.

The curative as distinguished from the industrial applications of electricity become every day more numerous, and one of the latest is its employment in the alleviation of deafness. Nearly all maladies of the internal ear have hitherto been incurable by reason of the great difficulty of applying to it either fomentations or other means of reducing inflammation before suppuration sets in. Dr. Hamm, a distinguished aurist of Brunswick, has now put to practical use an apparatus invented by Professor Peukert, a professor at the Polytechnik of the same city, which he calls an othotherm. By the aid of this, which is in effect a high-frequency apparatus on a small scale, a temperature as high as the patient can bear can be maintained for any length of time in the internal parts of the ear without inconvenience. Dr. Hamm claims that by its use he has cured not only chronic affections of the tympanum or drum of the ear and chronic inflammations of the internal tissues, but also the deafness following suppuration of the same parts. An account of the apparatus, which is remarkably ingenious from the mechanical point of view, is given in last month's *Revue Scientifique*.

Another medical application of electricity may be found in its use for heating the external surface of the limbs and trunk, a remedy which has been observed to give considerable relief in cases of rheumatism and

gout. The ordinary plan of enclosing the part affected in a case containing incandescent bulbs or other means of raising the temperature by electric means has its drawbacks, inasmuch as it can only be applied for short periods and over limited tracts of skin. Some sort of clothing heated by electricity has therefore been found more beneficial, and this has hitherto taken the form of a kind of quilt containing spirals of wire embedded in asbestos and heated by the current. Garments made on this principle would be as rigid as the plate armour of the Middle Ages and as cumbrous as the padded linen suits adopted by citizens fearful of assassination in the time of the supposed Popish plots. M. Herrgott, a civil engineer of Belfort, has just produced, however, a fabric by which the conductors of the current are actually woven in the fabric, and, as they are made of nickel, are not likely to oxidise. M. Daniel Berthelot declares that the result is satisfactory, and Professor Bergonié, who is one of the pioneers of medical electricity, has used quilts made of it in the hospitals of Bordeaux with good effect. He says that a quilt made of M. Herrgott's material can be connected with the street current as easily as a lamp, and that its lightness is not the least of its merits.

The Académie des Sciences have also received a communication from MM. Stoklasa and Zdobnicky as to the effect of water containing the emanation of radium upon the growth of plants. According to him, radio-active water will increase the natural productiveness of lentils, peas, and wheat by from 60 to 160 per cent., and he finds it has the same effect upon the poppy, the beetroot, and some other plants cultivated for food. The flowering of the plants thus watered is not only considerably advanced, but the fecundation of them also takes place much more rapidly, and the total yield is thereby considerably increased. Naturally radio-active waters are rare, the area over which they occur being practically confined at present to a well-defined tract in the West of England and France, and with radium at its present price it seems hardly likely that the manufacture of artificially made radio-active water could be conducted on commercially profitable lines. Yet it is improbable that the present scarcity of radium will continue when the demand for it is so continually increasing as it is at present; and when the supply becomes relatively plentiful by the discovery of new deposits of pitchblende or otherwise, the farmer may see a way out of his present difficulties which at present is hidden from him. Certainly in intensive culture of all kinds his salvation appears to lie.

F. L.

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The Liberal *Berliner Borsen Courier* for December 14 reports on good authority that the British-German negotiations *re* the distribution of the spheres of interest in Africa have been definitely concluded; the negotiations on the Anatolian and Mesopotamian questions are still pending, but promise to come to a speedy and satisfactory issue.



## An Isle of Dreams

"Call us not weeds; we are flowers of the sea."

THE detachment of the island atmosphere is congenial to the holiday mood, but to be the perfect playground of a summer vacation your island must fulfil certain simple conditions as to latitude, configuration, and shortest distance from the mainland. There must be no linking viaduct like that which gives entry to Anglesea, no railroad ferry such as crosses Canso Strait into Cape Breton, for, with such aids, the association is altogether too intimate. Nor must the island be so near that ferry boats cross and recross every hour, as from England to the Isle of Wight. One boat a day in each direction is ample and adequate, and the crossing should take two or three hours, so that no smaller craft are tempted to land invading hordes of curious tourists at odd hours. In these times, when wireless telegraphy links even sinking ships with other ships and lands far out of ken, complete isolation is no longer attainable, but the angler on his holiday likes to put as many obstacles as possible between himself and his workaday surroundings, and if he be a sea angler, then an island has claims that are obvious.

Santa Catalina lies at the ideal distance from the Los Angeles mainland, in sight of its coastline, yet sundered by a dancing strait that imparts strange antics to the daily steamer when broad seas swell to meet her keel. Its one town, Avalon, headquarters of the famous Tuna Club, has been built on that aspect of the island which looks to leeward of the prevailing summer wind, so that the fisherman can reckon on water like a pond during most days of the week. Hereabouts, too, the Pacific is deep right up to the foot of the cliffs, where, on boulders worn round and smooth by heavier surges, sea-lions drenched in spray bark day and night, and the water is so crystal clear that a shoal of yellow-tail or sea bass may be seen twenty yards ahead of the launch swimming in circles three or four fathoms down.

Thanks to these conditions, and to the quickening influence of warm currents from Japan, the inshore waters near Avalon offer to the curious visitor a spectacle unrivalled among the marvels of ocean life. I have crept through the Barrier Reef of Queensland, going half-speed and looking down on great fishes of many hues floating in and out of fairy palaces of coral; and I have, with the aid of a water telescope, spied on the minor tragedies of the underworld in the clear water on the north coast of Jamaica, where I once watched a great barracouta devour several small fish and then in due course caught and devoured the barracouta myself. Nowhere else, however, have I seen anything of the kind to equal the sea-gardens of Avalon. Here is a very rialto of fishes, up and down which they drift like gorgeous birds in the dim greenery of some tropical jungle. Over their silent abode one may float, as on an airship, in one of the glass-bottomed boats and look down on tangled acres of every conceivable tint and texture—red, green, olive, pink, heliotrope, broad-leaved and coralline—amid which fantastic fishes play at hide and seek in the strangely polarised light of those

translucent depths with effects indescribably beautiful. Those favoured waters teem with life at all depths, and even at the surface fishes resembling golden carp may be seen routing in the kelp that thickly fringes the foot of the cliffs. This luxuriant growth is a source of constant chagrin to the careless fisherman who lets a yellow-tail or white sea-bass gain its sanctuary, for the fish is certain not only to regain its liberty, but so to entangle the tackle in those stubborn clumps and waving fronds that only a portion of it is recovered, to be greeted by its lamenting owner "in straight-flung words and few."

Very different from the sandy keys of Florida is this bold and rocky coast that looks out on the sunset and Japan. Florida is, in fact, intolerable after May, for the sandflies and mosquitoes are insatiable, and the coast, though swept by an occasional hurricane from the Gulf, seems to have caught some of the stagnation of the brooding Caribbean. He who has another month to spare will do well to face the four days of dusty travel that lie between the Gulf of Mexico and the Golden Gates. Traversing as it does the "bad lands" of Arizona, this run on the Southern Pacific is not exactly what Americans are fond of describing as a "scenic route"; yet, since it gives a glimpse of the Rio Grande, on the Mexican frontier, and of the Salton Sea, it is not wholly devoid of interest, and it ends pleasantly enough among the green swards and orange groves of California.

One morning, at Colon and Panama, I took some trouble to drop a line in both the oceans on the same forenoon, a freakish inspiration which, ending, as it deserved, in complete failure at either end of the Isthmus, was prompted only by the probability of no one having been enterprising enough to accomplish it before and the even greater certainty that no one would be foolish enough to do it again. Even where they approximate so closely, the neighbouring oceans, which, we are told, were joined at no remote date as time goes, are very different to the careless eye. Colon is always knee-deep in muddy water, whereas Panama is dryshod half the day and looks out on the ebbing waters across a considerable middle distance of uncovered foreshore.

California in June is a dreamland of flowers and oranges, of blue seas and of skies that shame their changing tourmaline, of snow-topped sierras, mystic lakes, giant trees and valleys hidden from the hustle of cities. Yet there is in all that State no spot more desirable than the little island of Santa Catalina, reclaimed from the savagery of San Clemente and other neighbours in the Channel, but wild enough to woo a man from the tiresome order of civilisation. The fish that first, nearly thirty years ago, drew sportsmen to its shores was the tuna, or tunny, and it was here that the first tuna of any account was taken on rod and line by my esteemed friend Dr. Holder, to whose magnetic writings the island has since owed the pilgrims that gather from all quarters of the earth. The brief but variegated history of tuna-fishing for sport is closely bound up with island landmarks; and Madeira, Santa

Catalina and, last of all, Cape Breton have between them seen all the serious attempts, successful or otherwise, at the capture of this splendid fish with rod and line. Yet the heaviest tuna, a specimen of two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts, caught some years ago by Colonel Morehouse, credited to Santa Catalina, is dwarfed beside a fish of six hundred and eighty pounds more recently captured in Cape Breton waters by Mr. J. K. L. Ross after many a gallant attempt to acclimatise the sport in Canadian waters.

The chief drawback about tuna-fishing at Santa Catalina is that in some seasons there are no tunas. Thus one may travel the ten or twelve thousand miles from England and back without even seeing one. I know this, for I did so myself. The tuna, in short, is less obliging than the tarpon, which never fails those who go so far to seek it. It is a great traveller, capricious in its comings and its goings, chasing the flying fish round Santa Catalina one day and gone goodness knows where the next. I got to Avalon on the next.

Yet there are compensations, for here, even more than elsewhere, there are many good fish in the sea. If tunas are holding revel in other spots, the angler may console himself with white sea-bass and yellowtail, which, caught on the light tackle ordained by the Tuna Club, give as exciting sport as any man need wish for. Those who crave even bigger game may keep a look-out for the tell-tale fins of a basking swordfish, which, when hooked, will probably stand on end and charge the launch, or they may anchor on the ground for black sea-bass and fight one of the heaviest fish taken on the rod. My own experience was confined to comparatively small examples, but I managed, one morning before breakfast, to catch a couple that between them scaled two hundred and ninety pounds, and I would not have gone out again that day for anything short of a tuna itself.

Although the deep-still bays of the island are still amazingly full of fish, Dr. Holder and his far-seeing friends have wisely anticipated the inevitable effects of over-fishing, and have lately succeeded in getting a law passed to exclude nets from a territorial limit of three miles.

The Tuna Club keeps every detail of sport at this perfect sea-angling resort under absolute control, including the guides, who number fewer men of colour than in Florida, though the doyen of them, familiarly known as "Mexican Joe," shows unmistakable traces of one or other of the ancient races that first the Spaniard and then the Yankee improved off the face of the earth. Most of them, however, are white men, and at one time the best of them was Jim Gardner, an Englishman. Gardner has, however, gone back to the land, and when I last saw him he was contemplating a trip home to claim a legacy. Here, as in Florida, the part played by the guide is at least equal to that of the fisherman, and in all my fights with Californian sea fish, weighing from ten pounds to one hundred and sixty, my guide did quite as much as I, for, like a Scotch stalker, he first found the fish and then took

me up to them, and his was the hand that gaffed each when the fight was over.

Santa Catalina would deserve to stand for the Mecca of sea anglers all the world over, were it only as the headquarters of a Club that has, more than any other, infused high sporting ideals on a sport that stands in some little need of such dry nursing. Apart, however, from this claim on our affections, it is, without pretension to splendid scenery or variety of resources, a very happy island set in a summer sea and blest with a climate as near perfection as our limited imagination goes. To it go enthusiasts from all over the world, who, having sat under the hospitable roof of the Tuna Club, return to their homes with enduring memories of American good fellowship and of such sport as, lovable though it may be in other respects, the coast of Britain could never have afforded even in those happy unnumbered days in which barbarous Jutes caught bass and pollack in sight of the Foreland.

F. G. AFLALO.

## Addington Park

WITHIN twelve miles of the Royal Exchange a gross act of vandalism is in process of consummation. Addington Park, one of the few areas of primeval forest in the zone of Greater London, is being wrecked. If the jerry-builder had reached this district and his wave of bricks and mortar was about to submerge it, one might bow to the inevitable, if with bad grace. But the park lies in open country. Its noble glades and grassy rides have been the delight of generations of ornithologists, entomologists, and tree lovers. Those majestic avenues are being hacked down to make space for a golf links. We believe no little "city" in a Western State of America could be found guilty of an act so wanton. Truly, we strain out the gnat and swallow the camel. If a famous picture or a rare book is bought for the American market, we raise a hue-and-cry. One of the beauty spots of Surrey, a sylvan paradise which can never be restored, is to be marred and blotted out of existence without protest. Ten thousand trees are to come down, the wreckers proudly tell us. The rights of property were never more grossly abused. Such an act should be legislatively impossible. The American millionaire, if he buys great pictures or unique books, does not make an *auto da fé* of them. He has, as a rule, some sense of responsibility toward the State.

Addington Park has been undisturbed forest for centuries. Its beeches were of the grandest in the county of Surrey. Now all is smoking ruin. Hundreds of these magnificent giants lie like corpses on a battlefield, and here and there are smouldering fires of brushwood. We regard this wholesale murder of noble trees as a civic crime of the first order. The butchery of trees which is relentlessly waged in the outer ring of London will surely bear its own Nemesis in changing climate and rainfall.



We believe the laws of some of the Continental States, notably France, recognise the rights of the community in the slow maturity of trees. It certainly should be possible to curb the worst excesses of private greed. Addington Park has hitherto given sanctuary to rare birds and animals, and was one of the most famous haunts in England of entomologists. In 1807 it was purchased for the see of Canterbury, and became the residence of successive archbishops, whose bones moulder in the little God's acre in the valley. Some fourteen years ago, in evil hour, Archbishop Temple persuaded the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to apply for an Act of Parliament for its sale. The public were then rigidly excluded from its precincts. Nevertheless, all who skirted its fences could watch the pageantry of spring and autumn about its coombes and on its wood-crowned heights. Now it is in the occupation of an alien army. It is being slaughtered to make a Cockney holiday. Its glory is departed. The country to the South of London is the poorer; a noble landscape is being blotted out.

One asks one's self whether incidents such as these are not evidence of a woeful decline in public spirit. What can compensate the public for the loss of a forest, especially in close proximity to a great city? From the grassy glades of this park the present writer has heard the sound of the Tower guns firing a royal salute, and yet, so rural was the scene, one might have fancied one's self in Savernake. We repeat that, if such destruction is inevitable, what cannot be cured must be endured. We "put up with our improvements" as cheerfully as we may. But in this case the object is contemptibly inadequate. Scores of more eligible sites for a golf links could be found in the neighbourhood.

We hear weird claims put forward for the nationalisation of land. It is abuses such as that now to be perpetrated which inspire them with fresh vitality. Here is a property which was rich in every range of natural lore, rich in historical and archæological association, a landmark to the pedestrian who, from populous city pent, struck into the open country. The "sport" that starts by converting a noble inheritance of woodland into a Brummagen wilderness is truly sport of the bastard order, paid for, indeed, in pieces of silver, but likewise in the execration of all those who love rural England. Such an act matches the wilful burning of a public library or the wanton destruction of a priceless work of art. The mischief is irreparable.

Addington Park matched the Forest of Arden in mystery and charm. Dryads might have played

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade.

Its wicked desecration is in keeping with that wave of cheap commercialism under which nothing beautiful or rare is sacred to the arts of the Dutch auctioneer.

A. E. CAREY.

## The Magazines

IN the *British Review* for January, Mr. G. K. Chesterton continues his study of modern journalism by an essay on "The Silence of Journalists," and he has some sharp criticisms of the questionable newspaper methods of the day. The object of the journalist, he says, is to make men ignorant; "ignorant of something important, while they are interested and even learned in some things entirely trivial." This is a necessity, of course, if the newspaper is to pay well and attain a huge circulation. Mr. Storer treats of J. M. Synge and St. John Hankin in his series "Dramatists of To-day." Major Redway writes trenchantly upon "Our Army System," and Mr. Litchfield Woods has an amusing piece of satire entitled "Self-Help."

One of the best articles on a certain aspect of language that we have read is that by Logan P. Smith, "Dialect Words," in the *English Review*; it occupies sixteen closely printed pages, and is a really valuable and suggestive study. Mr. Ernest Newman gives us a surprise in this issue by a long defence of the mechanical piano-player. He points out its immense scope and its superb technique in skilful hands, and certainly seems to make out a good argument, leaving himself, however, the necessary loophole of escape by admitting that the perfect human player—is perfect, beyond all mechanical aids. Mr. Wells continues his new "Anticipations" in "The World Set Free"; the Editor discusses acutely Mrs. Pember Reeves' recent little book in an article on "The State and the Family"; and there is an interesting chapter from Mr. George Moore's forthcoming book, "Vale," entitled "Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge." Other excellent items go to make a capital number.

The literary tit-bit for most people in the *Nineteenth Century* will be the "Eight New Love-Letters of Jane Welsh," presented authoritatively by Alexander Carlyle, as a precaution in case they should appear, by chance of new ownership, "illegally, without editing, and most probably defaced by errors of transcription and other blunders." They are intensely interesting, and one contains a remarkable story of a proposal to the lady and her difficulty in dealing with the persistent admirer. Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun writes on "Woman and Morality"; Stephen Gwynn on "The Irish Gentry"; Francis McCullagh on "Portugal, the Nightmare Republic"; and politics and military matters are in capable hands as usual.

The January number of *Science Progress* is one of the most successful that Sir Ronald Ross has issued. Amongst the numerous subjects treated are "Nutrition and Education in Mental Development," by Dr. F. W. Mott; "Nervous Activity," by Professor Fraser Harris; a Study of Lord Kelvin's Work for Science, and Sir Oliver Lodge's recent address to the British Association; an effective paper by Dr. E. H. Ross, "Recent Advances in our Knowledge of Syphilis," illustrated with coloured photographs. A paper by a working-

man, "Why are People so Confined," in which there is original and native force, is sure to obtain some interested attention. This brief statement of subjects far from exhausts the number of topics of science and general interest dealt with.

The current number of *Poetry and Drama*, dated December, contains a new poem by the Laureate and one by Thomas Hardy, neither of them particularly distinguished; it is, however, an excellent and full issue with any amount of interesting material. The two most thoughtful articles are one by Basil Dean on "The Problem of the Repertory Theatre," and one by J. C. Squire on "Francis Thompson." Lord Dunsany's last play, "The Golden Doom," is here given, and there is some charming original verse by various poets—that by Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. Buxton Shanks being, to our mind, the most beautiful.

The *Scottish Historical Review* opens with the text of the Introductory Lecture delivered to the Class of Ancient History, University of Edinburgh, last October, by Professor Hume Brown; subject, "Intellectual Influences of Scotland on the Continent." It forms a masterly article in its present form, with the curiously unexpected conclusion that in the nineteenth century only one Scotsman, Sir Walter Scott, can be mentioned in this respect. The next essay is by David Baird Smith on "William Barclay"; there are two other lengthy papers, and copious reviews, illustrated.

The "Reminiscences of a B.S.A. Policeman" form a most interesting feature of the *Empire Review*, by E. B. Baker. More serious matter is provided by Lord Sydenham, who writes on "India and Education," and criticises the university and college system at present in operation; by Lord Amptill, who discusses "National Service"; and by "Diplomatist," who treats Foreign Affairs. The *Hindustan Review* to hand for November has an exposition of Wireless Telegraphy by Professor Chandi Prasad, M.A.; an excellent article on "European Intercourse with India during the Middle Ages," by Mr. P. C. Ghosh, M.A., and a learned philosophical essay by Mr. Oza, M.A., among other very interesting matter.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence has a neat and timely article in the *Book Monthly* "On Manuscripts: Some Hints as to their Preparation for Publication," which should be read by all young authors, and might be extended in its application to those who write for the papers. Some amusing instances of "Library Humour" are given by Frank Haigh, and Miss Esther Wood writes upon William Morris. From the headquarters of the Gypsy and Folk-lore Club, 5, Hand Court, Bedford Row, comes the official organ of the same name, with some fascinating articles; one, on the "Corsican Vendetta," pointing out that this is one of the old customs that could well be spared. It is almost incredible that this terrible blood-feud is still in active operation so near to the mainland of France, Spain and Italy. A novel feature is a list of markets at which the enterprising reader may sell his wares if he cares to go "on the road" for a forty-weeks' tour.

*Harper's Magazine* is a splendid issue. Two fine travel articles are "A Sub-Antarctic Island," by R. C. Murphy, and "Australian By-paths," by Norman Duncan; one dealing with the whaling industry which the Norwegians have made their own in the South seas, the other with the deserts of Western Australia. Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his novel, "The Price of Love," and there are many other well-known contributors. In the *Windsor Magazine* an account of a journey with Bedouins to desert tombs held sacred by them is given by N. Hadden, with liveliness and capital pictures; Mr. Eden Phillpotts tells a little story of Devon called "The Axing of the Banns," and the series on "Famous Brothers" is continued. The illustrations in both these magazines are of the usual superb quality.

The *Modern World* (Madras) for November is just to hand, and, despite some obvious difficulties with the English language, has some suggestive articles by well-known Indian gentlemen. "What Lord Hardinge Can do for India" is unsigned, but it puts one side of the question very ably. Certain items of this review we cannot quite understand; the first sentence of a paper on "Estrangement and Irreligion," for example: "Young Men of India! . . . beware of being ensnared in such Western ideals as beef-eating, brandy-bibbing, cigar-smoking, free-lancing, and such abhorrent practices." We were not aware that any of these things have attained the dignity of "Western Ideals"; but as the author of the contribution alludes to "the master-pen of Marie Corelli" some excuse may be found. We quote two sentences from the "Reviews of Books," suggesting that they might have been more clearly and simply expressed: "In his opinion, perhaps in everybody's opinion also the fundamental factors which constitute power in the sense of modern political phraseology, are the wealth of the Democracy canalised both by the plutocratic oligarchy of the Bankers whose clients are the modern States, great and small and the public opinion which is becoming more and more conscious of its efficacy in public weak and international facts." . . . "We cannot but thank with delight on the splendid panorama that the writer presents of the political condition of the world in one volume, with none the less an impressive manner." The editor of the *Modern World* is courageous, and deserves success; his contributors, however, might spend a few hours on the themes of spelling and composition, with advantage to all.

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All the profits of the Children's Theatre during this week (January 5-10) will be devoted to the endowment of a "Children's Theatre Cot" at the Charing Cross Hospital. Mrs. Percy Dearmer and Miss Netta Syrett wish to mark their opening season in some special way, and they feel that they could not do this better than by giving the children of London this opportunity to help a hospital which does so much for sick children in the heart of the city. The booking last week showed that the idea of a theatre for children is a welcome one. Those who secure seats for this week will not only gain an afternoon of merry enjoyment, but will be directly helping in a noble work.



## The Meaning of the Golden Bough\*

THE last two volumes of Dr. J. G. Frazer's momentous work complete his researches into the origin and meaning of the myth which has provided him with the covering title of no fewer than eight books, and, as in the case of his preceding works, present adequate testimony to the indefatigable industry and the unrivalled powers of marshalling his facts which particularly distinguish all Dr. Frazer's output.

What was the "Golden Bough"? The author, in these two volumes containing 666 pages in all, sets out to illumine us and arrives at the final conclusion that the Golden Bough was merely the mistletoe, which, with his passion for analytical examination, he ultimately suggests is the variety known as *Loranthus Europæus* and not the common mistletoe (*viscum album*). This attention to detail is eminently characteristic of Dr. Frazer, who seems to us, if the truth may be confessed, to devote himself more to the particular brand of mistletoe than to the elucidation of the underlying meaning of the myth.

However, as he says himself, the legend of the priest of Diana, who watched over the Arician grove, and was slain with the Golden Bough, is, in reality, only an excuse wherein to discuss questions which concern the gradual evolution of human thought from savagery to civilisation. But though his eye embraces an immense area and his work as a study in folk-lore generally is unequalled in the profusion of analogies exemplified in its pages, when all is said and done, does Dr. Frazer take us very much further towards solving the problem of the origins of civilisation which is his ostensible aim? On his own confession, indeed, this prolific collection and comparison of the customs of civilised and barbarous races merely lead him to the somewhat barren conclusion that there is an "essential similarity in the working of the less developed mind among all races." His creed, if creed it may be called, is that the folk-lore of varied nations demonstrates a steady evolution of mental development. Many arguments might be adduced from the author's own works against the acceptance of this theory, but at least we may set out on the other side of the account the universal belief of all ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras onward, that there was a world prior to theirs whose knowledge and accomplishments far outweighed their own civilisation. Their teachings, in fact, were absolutely opposed to the doctrines of the evolutionists.

Dr. Frazer now admits that in the course of writing these many bulky tomes he has had to throw some of his earlier theories on the scrap-heap. Particularly is this the case with the ancients' conception of Zeus or Jupiter. Originally, Dr. Frazer thought the chief god of the Aryan peoples was conceived as, firstly, a per-

sonification of the sacred oak tree, and only secondly as a god in the sky, the Lightning and Thunder Deity. He has changed his mind and is inclined to reverse the characteristics. But why should the idea of the majesty and omnipotence of the Unseen God have been on what is apparently such a low plane? Has not Dr. Frazer perhaps lost himself in his labyrinthine researches? Has he preserved the husk and lost the kernel?

He explains the idea of the oak's association with Zeus because statistics prove (and we do not doubt his statistics, though glad to be spared them!) the oak to be struck by lightning more frequently than any other tree, and hence "the riven and blackened oaks must indeed be favourites of the sky-god." It seems to us on the contrary to point to the very reverse. To describe the blackened and blighted remains of a once wide-spreading oak tree as a favourite of the sky god because thus stricken is not only opposed to common sense but is in contrast with mythology, wherein Zeus invariably casts a thunderbolt at those who, as we might expect, have angered him, not at those he loves.

The fact is, in spite of the vast amount of erudition Dr. Frazer has brought to bear on his subject, in spite of his huge array of analogous customs, in spite of his scholarly and fascinating style, he has not really succeeded in conveying to the least degree a proper understanding of the mental horizon of our ancient Aryan ancestors. He has not only failed to arrive at the real conception of Zeus, but is equally at sea in regard to the sacred tree—oak or otherwise—and the Golden Bough or mistletoe. Let us look briefly at the problem on the supposition that in very early days those who taught the myth were not semi-savages whose mental development was scarce begun, but were men of scientific attainments who—as we know was the case with the Druids and Magi—kept their learning and achievements as arcane secrets concealed amongst a mass of fabulous and magical matter.

Dr. Frazer finds that Zeus was primarily a personification of the thunder and lightning. He also finds that the priest of Diana at Aricia was invested—he says in the *imagination* of his worshippers, but who ever heard of the *hoi polloi* with imagination?—with the power of overcasting the heaven with clouds and eliciting storms of thunder. Surely that priest must have had some power or some means which at least created the *impression* of ability on his part to produce clouds, lightning and thunder, not merely in the imagination of his worshippers, but as evidence of their eyes. Dr. Frazer might find many parallel examples were he to seek them, such, for instance, as the sulphurous emanations at the sacred grotto at Delphi. He also finds the mistletoe itself perhaps conceived as a germ or seed of fire, connected also in some manner with lightning. Thus in the myth of Balder, the Good, all the gods agree to make him proof against every danger, but Loki, the Evil One, encourages Hother to shoot at him with a piece of mistletoe with the result that Balder is pierced through and through by the *mistletoe* and falls dead. All these hidden symbols of the true meaning

\* *The Golden Bough, A Study in Magic and Religion.* Third Edition. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Parts VII and VIII—*Balder the Beautiful*. Vols. I and II. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)

of Zeus, the Sacred Tree, and the Golden Bough Dr. Frazer is content to leave as fanciful and imaginary lore concerned with atmospheric thunderstorms, actual oak trees and mistletoe berries. Perhaps the day will come when he will adopt a different theory. Meanwhile we respectfully suggest that a study of the Assyrian, Median, and Persian symbols of the Sacred Tree, the Winged Globe, and the curious representations of the genii or priests holding in their hands or carrying in caskets what appear to be mistletoe berries may assist him to throw a fresh light on an obscure and as yet little understood subject, but a subject which when interpreted correctly may entirely revolutionise the theory of a steady evolution in mental development as regards our forefathers of old time.\*

C. B.

## The Theatre

### "The Attack" at the St. James' Theatre

TO those who have grown accustomed to seeing Sir George Alexander personify the cool, noble, dignified man of the world, riding over all obstacles with certainty of final success, his assumption of the character of Mèrital may prove a trifle disappointing. Mèrital is cool, undoubtedly, but his behaviour when in difficulties is hardly noble. He is the leader of an influential party in French politics, and a slip of his youthful days—the embezzlement of a sum of money—is brought up against him most ingeniously by Frépeau, an enemy in the guise of a friend, and the controller of a paper. Mèrital at first would ignore the assertions of his adversaries; Frépeau, however, who brings the news, has already, to his disgust, given it the publicity of a denial, thus seeking to drag Mèrital into the mire of a damaging controversy. Mèrital, to defend his reputation, arraigns Labelle, who is Frépeau's tool and has scattered the scandal broadcast, for libel; also—and this is where he loses that impeccable dignity which we have always associated with Sir George—he discovers a shady affair of Frépeau's past, and threatens him with exposure, a *tu quoque* which does not suit at all, we might say, the dynasty of the courtly, captivating Alexandrian kings. However, Frépeau is discomfited; Labelle—whom we do not see—is sentenced, and all ends well for Mèrital, his name and fame. And after all has ended well, and the play, as far as the audience's keen interest is concerned, is virtually over, we have a lengthy scene in which Mèrital explains his early career to the lady who is to be his wife, tells how he repaid the money that he had taken in a gust of sudden temptation, and is duly forgiven.

The vital part of the play lies in the political machinations and the scenes between the two men; the love interest is secondary, though charming. Miss

Martha Hedman, who made her first appearance in this country, took the part of Renée de Rould with exquisite taste and comprehension; the scene where she tells Mèrital that it is not his son whom she loves, but himself, might easily become farcical in unskilled hands, but, as she played it, was full of grace. It is the author's fault, not hers, that this scene was rather spun out until the convincing effect of her first few minutes of gentle appeal was weakened. Mr. Holman Clark was wonderfully good as the double-faced Frépeau; his gradual change from affection to defiance, from defiance to submission, and from submission to a bravado that seemed to save his self-respect even to the very last, was an extraordinary piece of acting. Mr. Vivian Reynolds as Garancier, Mr. Philip Desborough and Mr. Reginald Malcolm as Mèrital's two sons, Miss Gladys Storey as Georgette, all took their parts excellently, and Mr. J. Adeane Barlow made a perfect servant. In this English version of Bernstein's "L'Assaut," translated by George Egerton, we imagine that the smaller parts, which are not essential, have lost something in lightness—especially in the scene where the two boys congratulate their father on his success. The general effect, however, is pleasing, and the company received the congratulations of a crowded house.

W. L. R.

### Holiday Entertainments

THESE particular theatrical adventures grow in favour every year. The most remarkable feature this season, however, is the fact that the children of to-day appear generally very content with the clever productions of a few winters ago.

#### "PETER PAN" RETURNS TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

There is nothing but pleasure in the splendid production of Sir James Barrie's masterpiece for children. No laughter is heartier, no sentiment truer, than that of this now famous play. In its tenth year, it shows no sign of age; there is a freshness of spirit underlying the genius of the author that will outlast our time and a good many of both the actors and the audience. The present production gives us a new and admirable Pirate Captain. Mr. Godfrey Tearle's Hook, although quite other than that of Mr. Holman Clark, who is engaged at the St. James's, is full of interest; he is at once melodramatic and burlesque—the feared and beloved of thousands of boys. There are a few other changes in the cast, but of small importance. Miss Chase is still the Pan of other days, and plays with the delicacy and charm which is already so well known. To us she is not so inspired and beautiful as the original Peter, but, judging by the enthusiasm of the audience, we are rather lonely in this view of the matter. In any case, the entertainment goes forward with delight, and is likely to have a long run of successful *matinées*. It will not be forgotten that "Quality



Street" is played at the same theatre, so if you will, you can see two Barrie plays at the Duke of York's on one day, and both are delightful.

**"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" ONCE MORE  
AT THE GARRICK.**

This is another old friend, although seven years younger than "Peter Pan." Added to adventure and laughter and some satire, you here get a strong undercurrent of patriotism. We have no doubt that the Osborne boys and others are ready to do all they can for their country's welfare, but some of the lines are a little too high-flown for the real schoolboy of to-day. One may admire Nelson and be ready to give all one has for the benefit of the State, but one would like to be quiet about it. This the authors of "Where the Rainbow Ends" do not permit—there is too great an effort on the part of Saint George for England; but there are so many more delightful features in the play that the whole goes through with great success and vivacity.

**FOR CHILDREN BY CHILDREN (AND  
OTHERS).**

The daily *matinées* at the Court Theatre vary now between the entertainment composed of Miss Netta Syrett's three fairy plays and the rather more worldly "adventure" which Mrs. Dearmer has written to music by Mr. Martin Shaw. The characters of "The Cockyolly Bird" are said by the author to be "real people," "toys," "animals," "Japanese" and "pleasant cannibals," so you see that the childish mind is well provided with matter and that the seven scenes give us plenty of variety.

We are not sure that a child critic should not be employed to write of such a play as "The Cockyolly Bird." We own we are widely appreciative of every form of stage art, but we feel we are not children, and perhaps cannot enter into the spirit of what seemed to us a very amateur production with the true zest of youth. But, fortunately, we were placed among a group of little boys and girls who expressed their opinions loudly during the play and kicked the back of our stall with hearty enthusiasm throughout the afternoon. This part of the audience proved itself delighted with Mrs. Dearmer's efforts to amuse them. The only severe criticism we heard was a strong demand that the curtain should be left up while the scenes were being changed and that tea should constantly be served. Apart from these points, the adventures of Kit, Miss Fay Lilmar, a little boy who does not like his governess, hates geography, and fears the coming of a girl companion to his mother's house, appeared to be very highly appreciated. As many of the parts were played by charming children, and as the wonders of the story, with its coming to life of toys, its agreeable Polar bear, and so on, ran smoothly and gaily, we imagine "The Cockyolly Bird" will be very popular—especially with those who like to have the back of their stall kicked throughout the performance.

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### "CHARLEY'S AUNT" AND "MARUSA" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is a little late in the day to recommend anyone to go and see the aunt of Charley still running, for the world has decided to keep on going, whatever happens. But as the present is Mr. Brandon Thomas's own season, especial care has been taken to make the representation of this classic farce as perfect as well can be, and laughter is assured. There have, of course, been many changes since we last saw the play, but to us they seem all for the better; the pace is smarter, the "Babs" of Mr. Percy Crawford possesses new notes of fun, the Jack Chesney of Mr. Geoffrey Kerr adds a touch of truth and charm to some situations which used rather to lack those qualities. As for the rest of the company, they play with a will, and the whole arrangement of fun and frolic goes forward to an obligato of constant laughter.

Mr. Brandon Thomas has put on the stage a very different play of his own in front of "Charley's Aunt" in the evening bill. It is a story of the Russo-Japanese War, and is chiefly remarkable for the dancing of the much-admired Marusa. Miss Vivian Vanna appears in this character with perfect success. Her dramatic dance shows that she possesses all the qualities so greatly admired in the ballet-dancers of to-day. She has fire and youth and beauty, knowledge of her craft, and exquisite feeling for the colour and movement of the music which Mr. Edward Jones has provided for Mr. Thomas's rather queer little play.

EGAN MEW.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "An Unfinished Song," by Mrs. Ghosal, at 3s. 6d. This novel, which depicts the life of high-class Indian society and the change wrought upon it by touch with Western education, is the work of the sister of Rabindra Nath Tagore. In her own country Mrs. Ghosal has produced novels, plays, poems, and scientific works, and has for twenty-five years been the editress of one of the foremost Bengali magazines. She was one of the first women to emerge from seclusion and mix freely in society. Although interested in everything English, she has never visited England, and this is the first time a work of hers has appeared in this country.

We have received from Mr. Josef Holbrooke his preliminary announcement of the thirteenth year of his series of Concerts of Modern English Chamber Music, to be held at the Art Centre, Mortimer Street, London, W., on the following dates:—Fridays: February 27, March 27, April 24, and May 29, at 8.30 p.m. each evening. Subscriptions for two reserved seats at each concert will be two guineas, and for four seats three guineas. Reserved seats for single concerts are 5s. and 2s., and admission, 1s. Subscriptions will be received at the Hall in Mortimer Street, the usual agents, or by the Secretary, at Vale House, Tufnell Park, London, N.

### On Reaching Germany

"WILL the estuary never end?" the visitor asks in wonder, as the steamer goes piloted, hour after hour, up the mouth of the Elbe to her appointed dock.

To gain a first impression of Hamburg you must approach it for the first time from the sea—never from the land; you must gaze on mile upon mile of funnels and rigging etched on grey sky, of crowded barges and quays, of tugs and tenders; you must pass from liner to liner, as from room to room in a temple, till your spirit is ready to fall down and worship the huge image of the *Imperator*, squatting like some monstrous fowl before the very shrine itself. Thus humbled, you will come to Hamburg, and only thus will Hamburg notice your arrival.

The city has reached the awkward age. Forty—thirty years ago, it was a kind of northern Venice—a town of old buildings, standing knee-deep in water, like dock-hands always ready to load or unload. Some of these old buildings still remain, effective, yet discredited. The new city, only half completed, is a city of "blocks." From a shop or from your hotel you will be directed to a restaurant "in the next block but one," or "here in this block"—nothing could be more American. A native explained to me, with obvious pride, the system of land tenure and leasing prevailing in his town. I forget, or never understood, the explanation, but the result of the system seems to be that Hamburg is becoming, faster than London, faster even than Paris or Berlin, a city divided into square stone buildings, light, clean, airy, and not much uglier than ugly barracks. If there are any architects enrolled in the Fabian Society they have doubtless visited Hamburg, and looked with longing eyes at the tiny, black-coated figures running in and out, up and down, the huge hygienic hives now standing in rows behind the Alsterdamm. Buildings and streets are clean beyond belief; thin iron frameworks allow a maximum amount of glass in every window; the rooms are as high and airy as wards in a hospital. One gains an inevitable impression of rapidity and certainty of execution, as though Hamburg were some new nickel-coated patent. "That's neat!" seems to be the particular platitude the sight-seer will find most valuable in Hamburg. Here is nothing antiquated, nothing that can be improved on—or, if there is, you need only be patient for a very little while. It will soon be supplanted.

Hamburg is sometimes described as a very English town. More truly characteristic than Berlin, it is none the less the kind of town that English municipal authorities are trying to copy, rather than itself reminiscent of England. The outlying districts, the trams, the "fine" (*i.e.*, vast—in all branches of architecture these words are now interchangeable) streets and open squares are of the kind that municipal bodies in this country regard as Utopian. Hamburg, whatever happens to it, is so situated that it must always be a



beautiful city; it is for that reason all the more dangerous for other towns to copy.

The arrangement of its streets is, in its hard logic, typical, I suppose, of the German mind. The new Hamburg will be as featureless as a flawless argument. No, that is an exaggeration: a city so constantly interrupted by water can never be featureless.

Hamburg is, besides a port, a city facing outwards, and, as in most ports, there is little vehicular traffic in the streets, whose titanic proportions are, therefore, especially overwhelming. It is now customary to build streets wide and spacious for the sake of light and air, but a large thoroughfare with very little traffic is as great a failure as an hotel with three hundred bedrooms and thirty guests. In broad streets and under huge stone offices, pedestrians—whether in Hamburg or in London—look like flies; it ought to follow that in New York this unpleasant impression would be stronger still, and Mr. William Archer has confirmed this opinion: "What is truly terrible in New York is that it seems a city of giants and a city of pigmies. Not that its inhabitants are physically smaller than those of other cities—only they are more definitely dwarfed by their surroundings. . . . To a superficial view, everything seemed colossal; but to the imagination, and even to a closer visual scrutiny, the scene suggested not an abode of Titans, but an immeasurable ant-hill." In the half-empty roadways and pavements of the newest quarters of Hamburg the resemblance to an ant-hill, an inconveniently uncrowded ant-hill, was very strong, and I wondered whether modern cities, wide and tall, might not in time have the same oppressive effect on their citizens that the mountains of Switzerland have had upon the Swiss. Out of sight, out of mind, the port, with its busy quays and wharves, might slip the memory for a while were not the traveller compelled to observe that the passers-by are hurrying on business of which he gets no glimpse.

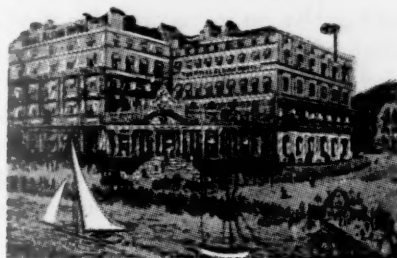
He feels shut out from the life of the city, an idler, a drone, whereas at Berlin he will discover himself the welcome, the essential customer. He leaves the flat country round Hamburg, travels through flat country till he reaches the flat environs of Berlin; he has had no hint of the change, but no sooner has he set foot in Berlin than he is conscious of a change. Perhaps he cannot define it till he learns from a guide or a waiter or a chatty shopkeeper that three million strangers visited Berlin last year, but then he understands. Berlin is still anxious to attract visitors. Unlike London and Paris, it is not used to them yet, and its eagerness to please, contrasted with the indifference which London and Paris in their peculiar ways manage to express, keeps Berlin provincial.

Like Hamburg, it will become the sort of city an unimaginative Socialist of ten years ago would have described as Utopian. The huge emporiums scattered all over it seemed—though I do not care to insist on this hurried impression—larger, more crowded, and to contain a greater variety of departments than the big shops of London or Paris. In these shops of the future,

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however, it is possible to buy everything. Nothing would be easier than to live for a year in Berlin without entering more than one shop. . . .

This shop—and there are dozens of examples of it—will comprise the whole "block." When the native leaves it he returns to the "block" of flats in which he lives. More by accident than design, I found myself on the last day of my visit some four or five miles from the Unter den Linden, in an enormous thoroughfare called the Kaiserdamm. "Enormous" is the only word. It stretched in a perfectly straight line as far as the eye could see in either direction, and was as wide, I should judge, as the space between the railings that run beside the Mall. Great stone buildings stared at one another across the almost deserted street. There were flats above and shops below, each a tolerably close—often an identical—reproduction of its neighbours.

Walking back to the city, I noticed that the Kaiserdamm presently called itself Bismarckstrasse, then Berlinerstrasse, then, under the name of Charlottenberger Chaussée, it disappeared into the Thiergarten whence it re-emerged just in time to take up its famous rôle of Unter den Linden. "Just like Holborn, New Oxford Street, Oxford Street, and the Bayswater Road," someone may say. But our crowded, uncertain streets can give no idea of the size and straightness of this great thoroughfare, its cleanliness, its emptiness, or its crushing regularity. Block after block, barrack after barrack, is filled with citizens of a modern city.

"Only a nation of workers," I mused, "could have erected buildings like these." Then I remembered how early the city was astir, how late the shops continued open in the hope of transacting business. A sturdy race, with an insatiable appetite for work and a persevering love of pleasure! Every visitor to Berlin finds it difficult to reconcile the industry of the citizen with the popularity of innumerable restaurants and dancing-halls, open till two, four, even six in the morning. The difficulty grows on inspection, for the German has a genuine love of pleasure—he differs from the Frenchman, who loves excitement. The amusements of Berlin seemed much duller than the amusements of Paris. But there is no doubt that the people enjoy them, and their capacity for pleasure equals their capacity for work—a healthy sign. Their amusements are dull because their city, being young and with, as yet, no striking individuality of its own, has fallen an easy prey to the Cosmopolitanism that is ruining Europe for the inquisitive traveller. The amusements of Berlin are borrowed from Paris, London, and New York. At a music-hall I heard no word of German spoken on the stage throughout the evening. Two of the "turns" were French, two were English, and the rest American, yet I saw in the audience no foreigner besides myself. Possibly the "bill" was exceptional, but naturally I was struck by it.

A. P.

## Notes and News

A course of eight lectures on "The Art of Printing Historically Considered," will be delivered by Mr. R. A. Peddie at the St. Bride Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., beginning on Monday next, at 7.30 p.m. At the first lecture Mr. Peddie will deal with the invention of the art and its progress during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Admission free.

The Pioneer Players' performance at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, of the tenth century play, "Paphnutius," the announcement of which has created such wide interest, will begin on Sunday at 8.30 sharp and on Monday at 3.0. The audience are earnestly desired to be in their places before these hours, as, owing to the fact that part of the auditorium will be used for some of the scenes, it will be necessary to shut out late comers until the first interval. A special souvenir programme has been compiled for the occasion. It will contain a reproduction of Albert Durer's frontispiece to the first printed edition of Roswitha's plays, which represents the nun-playwright presenting her panegyric of Otho I to her abbess, and short literary contributions by Miss Christopher St. John, the translator of "Paphnutius," and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Andrew Melrose informs us that he has just made arrangements for the fifth annual £250 Prize Novel Competition associated with his house. The adjudicators for 1914 will be Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason. Enquiries by intending competitors should be addressed to

Andrew Melrose, Ltd., 3, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

"Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp" is the title of a book of exploration and adventure to be published shortly by Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. A vast expanse of British East Africa is quite unknown, never having been traversed by a white man. Through these regions Mr. I. N. Dracopoli, F.R.G.S., explorer, naturalist, and sportsman, marched with a few followers, making his objective the almost unknown and quite unexplored Lorian Swamp, encountering many dangers and adventures, and recording many interesting and valuable facts.

"Annals of the Magic Isle," with notes and introduction, by Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, concludes its serial issue with the last week of the year. Sir Walter Besant used to be a very warm advocate of the serial issue of other than merely works of fiction. In this case the mythology of the Celt (more particularly that of the Isle of Man) is told in the novel form of Boccaccio or "The Arabian Nights." Beginning with the vaguely defined faith of early history, these "Annals" serve to illustrate the influence the Celtic habit of mind has imposed upon law and customs everywhere. It is curious to note that *la couvade* (the hatching) customs of the Basques had their equivalent among the Manx, and that there could have existed in a community so near at hand a kind of universal marriage feast, not unlike that described by Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru." The compact, however, had to be continued for longer than a year and a day to make the wedding bind. Hence, apparently, customs of law that exist in pale shadow in certain Celtic communities to this hour.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### THE INTRUSION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

FROM every point of view the adventurous incursion of Mr. Lloyd George into the domain of naval policy is to be deplored. Bound up with the questions which he discussed were issues of international importance, such as required delicate handling on the part of one occupying so responsible a position as that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But neither in the method nor in the manner of his expression could it be said that Mr. Lloyd George was particularly happy. Before commenting upon his remarks we are compelled frankly to object to the vehicle which he selected for the ventilation of his views. Again and again experience has demonstrated that an interview in the columns of a partisan Press is an improper medium for a ministerial declaration on any question affecting foreign policy, and is likely, as the present instance has proved, to create unfortunate misapprehensions abroad. In order that our diplomacy may bear the character of honesty and consistency, we regard it as essential that all official pronouncements of a serious nature relating to international affairs



should emanate, not from any isolated Minister talking casually to a newspaper reporter, but directly from a Minister whose department is involved and who is selected by the Cabinet to speak in the name of the nation.

The mischief likely to result from individual action cannot be exaggerated. For example, in foreign countries, where the workings of the British party system are insufficiently understood, undue and even distorted significance may be attached to seemingly innocuous utterances. Not infrequently it happens that the attempts of the Opposition Press to make political capital out of an occasion such as that under review tend to add to the embarrassment which the original offence has succeeded in creating. Again, it may even be that the actual purport of the remarks called into question is not rightly comprehended abroad, and for this circumstance hasty translations and summaries and speeches must be held to blame. Altogether, then, it is manifest that incalculable harm can be wrought by irresponsible utterances on questions of foreign policy, when these emanate from the lips of responsible Cabinet Ministers. Naturally enough, utterances of this kind are well meant. But invariably they end in confusing both our friends and our rivals among the nations, to the detriment of the general harmony, and call for the unfortunate remedy of explanation and counter-explanation which in turn, and somewhat indelicately, exhibit domestic misunderstanding and inadvertently excite public attention to an incident that were better soon forgotten.

When we come to analyse Mr. Lloyd George's observations, we find there is truth in what he says. He is not, however, to be credited with any striking discovery in this particular respect, and there was no sane reason discernible to us why he should choose the present moment for drawing attention to certain obvious facts. Like a precipitate surgeon with but crude professional skill, in his desire to hasten the healing of wounds he has to some extent reopened them; and if the patient, who was going on very nicely without his assistance, must return to his bed again, it is certainly the fault of the Chancellor. But taking a broad view of the European situation, we do not necessarily anticipate so sorrowful an issue. For it is evident from the tranquil tone of the French Press that the Foreign Office has already been at work to repair any mischief resulting from the indiscretion. Time will doubtless clear up the irritation reawakened in Germany. Truth to tell, Mr. Lloyd George, though abundantly possessed of political tact, useful on the platform and in Parliament, has not so far shown himself to be conspicuously gifted with diplomatic qualities. In all probability he is surprised that in relating what he would conceivably term the simple facts of the situation, he has produced a furore throughout Europe. Had he, at the outset, consulted with Sir Edward Grey, or, for the matter of that, with any clerk in the Foreign Office, he would have been told that, so sensi-

tive is diplomacy, a great many simple facts must be thought about in silence and not alluded to in speech.

In emphasising Mr. Lloyd George's failure to appreciate the subtlety of international relations, it must not be supposed that we have lost sight of what was, perhaps, the main motive which prompted him to speak. His remarks certainly do convey the impression that they were directed rather to the Liberal forces at home than to Chancelleries abroad. Having appraised the growing significance and strength of that section within his own party opposed to armaments, he appears to have seized an occasion to improve his own personal position by demonstrating to his supporters the depth of his Radical convictions. But he failed completely to take into account the state of Continental feeling as it affects our foreign relations. As we have said, the veracity of his exposition cannot in the main be denied. It is true that we are on more friendly terms with Germany than has been the case for some years; that Germany, as far as her land forces are concerned, is placed in an unenviable position, sandwiched between France and Russia, both possessing vast armies; and that throughout Christendom, more especially in Western Europe, there is a revolt against military oppression. The whole of these remarks, though perfectly true, placed in sequence as they were by Mr. Lloyd George, constitute a typical example of an unhappy utterance.

Let us take first the point of view that our friends, France and Russia, are justified in assuming. Mr. Lloyd George infers that, if a struggle against Germany is to come, we may well leave the issue in the keeping of the Russian and French armies. What, then, is our return for inclusion in the Triple Entente? Equally unfortunate is the Chancellor in his treatment of Germany. It is quite evident that beneath a calm exterior German public opinion still harbours against England a considerable degree of nervous suspicion, and the belief is widespread that friendship with this country must necessarily involve, somehow or other, a sacrifice of national pride, and, to an extent, of Imperial ambition. Hampered in this respect, the Wilhelmstrasse was anxious, unobserved, as it were, to conclude an understanding with England during a recent period singularly free from the aggressive manifestations of the Chauvinist school. All is going well, when, suddenly, Mr. Lloyd George splashes into still waters. In effect he says Germany has been coquetted into friendly relations with ourselves, the French and German armies can do the rest, and in any case, obviously hinting at the Zabern affair, the people are in revolt against the rule of the sabre. The trouble arises from the fact that it was really not necessary to say these things. It is with Mr. Lloyd George's conclusions, not with his case, that we quarrel. In-correctible optimist though he is, he cannot convince the nation that, without universal agreement, any sensible reduction in armaments is feasible.

## MOTORING

**A**LTHOUGH, owing to the recent fire at Rusholme, the annual Motor Exhibition at Manchester, which opened yesterday (Friday), is necessarily on a much smaller scale than was originally contemplated, it will be found to be fully representative of the best productions of the leading makers, both British and foreign, and there is every indication that a big amount of business will be done. After Olympia, the Manchester Show is the most important in the kingdom, and its abandonment on this occasion would have been a keen disappointment to the thousands of North-country motorists who find it inconvenient to make the journey to London in November. The result of the change of venue to the Manchester City Hall, which has only about half the accommodation afforded by the destroyed building at Rusholme, has been the all-round cutting down of the space allotted to the exhibitors, so that even the most important makers have been unable to show more than one or two examples of their workmanship; but there is some compensation in the fact that the exhibition is more centrally situated and accessible to the general public. Generally speaking, the exhibits have already been seen at Olympia, but among the 70 or 80 different makes of cars shown there are several which make their appearance for the first time; whilst there is an exceptionally comprehensive display of tyres and accessories. The Exhibition will remain open until Saturday next, the 17th inst.

One of the specially interesting features of the Manchester Show is the Napier exhibit on Stand No. 44. Like all the other makers, the Napier people have had considerably to curtail their original programme, and they are only able to show two of their models; but each of these has special claims to attention. One is an example of the 30/35 h.p. six-cylinder which accomplished the remarkable Alpine-climbing test a few months ago—a fortnight's continuous climbing of the steepest passes in the Alps—whilst the other is the 20 h.p. four-cylinder, an entirely new model, which makes its public appearance for the first time, and which represents the principal Napier departure for 1914. In its salient features the new car is designed on similar lines to those of the well-known 15 h.p. Model de Luxe, but the engine dimensions are larger (89 by 127—R.A.C. rating 19.4). All the special Napier features in connection with the carburetter, lubrication, the silent worm-drive to back axle, the multiple metal plate clutch revolving in an oil bath, etc., are embodied in the new model, which should prove very popular with those who want something between the 15 h.p. and the more powerful Napier models.

It will be remembered that in November last a Local Government Board inquiry was held with respect to an application made by the Essex County Council for the imposition of a reduced speed limit on certain parts of Lea Bridge Road, Leyton High Road, etc. The application was of considerable importance, in view

of the fact that the thoroughfares scheduled were main roads, and it was strongly opposed at the inquiry by representatives of the R.A.C. and the Automobile Association and Motor Union. Motorists will learn with satisfaction that the opposition of their leading organisations has been successful, the Essex C.C. having just been notified by the Secretary of the Board that their application is refused.

Just before Christmas the Dunlop Rubber Company issued a list of revised prices for the repair and the re-treading of tyres, which, doubtless owing to the holiday interruption, appears to have escaped general notice. The leaflet is one of importance to motorists, inasmuch as it gives details of substantial reductions in the cost of retreading any make of tyre. For example, the price for retreading a plain or grooved cover equals exactly one-third of the list price of a new cover, whilst the studded retreading prices are just half the list price of a new cover. At several of the Company's depôts, notably at the big factory at Kilburn, London, N.W., at Birmingham, Glasgow, and Dublin, tyres can, if desired, be retreaded within 48 hours, although a longer allowance of time is recommended. As a matter of fact, to get the best results, the rejuvenated tyre should be carried as a spare for at least a week before being used. Copies of the revised price-list for repairs and retreading can be obtained from most motor agents, and at all the Dunlop depôts.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**T**HERE is still no business on the Stock Exchange. We hoped that when the dividends had been paid the money would come back into the market for re-investment, but it did not. The truth is that no one has any confidence. Paper has been crumbling away in value for so long that people want nearly 6 per cent. to compensate them for the risk of depreciation. They cannot get 6 per cent. with safety. The New South Wales loan appears to have been the worst failure we have had for a long time. The underwriters have been stuck with over 90 per cent. There are dozens of other loans waiting to come out, but the question is when will they make their appearance. It requires a good deal of courage to bring out a new issue in these days.

The Municipality of South Vancouver offered us £200,000 5 per cent. bonds at 91, but it only has an estimated population of under 40,000 people, which is spread over 9,300 acres, and it owes £895,593. I do not suppose that anyone will subscribe, partly because they will be certain to buy cheaper later on, and partly because there is nothing at all attractive in locking up your money in such an issue. The Province of Saskatchewan is asking for a million 4½ per cent. five-year convertible bonds offered at 96½. The revenue of the Canadian provinces is very small, and they all of them guarantee with great reckless-



ness. There is also a great deal of jealousy between the provinces and the Federal Government. Therefore, cautious investors will probably keep out of provincial issues. Both New Zealand and Tasmania are also going to borrow money. The fact is, all the Governments in the world and most of the railways thought that they could go on borrowing for ever, and consequently they spent the money before they got it. They are now in the disagreeable position of owing a great deal more than they should.

**MONEY.**—The Money market has suddenly become quite easy, and the banks are now eagerly bidding for bills. Indeed, the market rate is only a little over 4 per cent. for three months' bills. If this easiness continues we shall certainly get an immediate reduction in the bank rate. It would appear as though the slackening off in trade were having an immediate effect upon the Money market. Some people think that the new banking Bill in the United States will cause large banks in New York to draw their balances from London, but it seems to me that they will hesitate to do this, and as far as I can understand, the provincial bankers in America have been preparing for the new Act for some time past. Hence the stringency of money in the Western States. If the United States withdrew its balances from London there would be no chance of a reduction in our own Bank of England rate, but I do not think this is possible. Some people say that we shall get a 4½ per cent. rate this week, but I write before the announcement is made. Cheap money is certain to come in spite of what everyone says.

**FOREIGNERS.**—The latest news with regard to the French national loan is that it is to be postponed until the autumn. This is good news, for it will very much relieve the situation. Also, it looks as though the French Government were quite certain that there would be no serious political complications. The bankers have apparently won all along the line, and we are now promised the Servian loan of ten millions. It is a curious thing that Servia should be the first State to tap the French reservoir of gold. It is said that the Servian Government made terms with Russia and France, and, indeed, politely blackmailed those countries. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that Servia is to be first served. The offer will be made on the 14th and the price will be under 94. Next will come Russia with her 20 million railway loan. This she will have no difficulty in obtaining. Greece and Turkey have both been promised new issues. It is probable that Greece will ask London for a certain amount of money, but Turkey and Servia will confine their issues to the Continent. What will happen to the French bankers if they cannot induce their customers to take up all these various issues, I do not know. In 1913 nearly 200 millions sterling was taken up by the French banks, and only a portion of this has been placed out. Underwriters in Paris are all stuffed up with paper. However, it will be better for everyone when the Treasury bills now in the portfolios can be turned into negotiable bonds; for they at any rate have a definite commercial value on all the bourses whereas the Treasury bills are extremely difficult to negotiate. There is some talk of Paris participating in another Chinese loan. The Continent has been nibbling at illegitimate Chinese bonds for a long time past, tempted by the extravagant terms that have been offered by the Chinese. The financial position in China is not good, and I warn my readers to be careful to keep out of any Chinese issues, except those officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange. Cuba is advertising that she is prepared to accept tenders for a big loan, and some of the papers are warning the investor against the Government on the ground that it has not yet come to terms with the Cuban Ports people. I do not think this is quite fair. The Cuban Ports was a very bad

promotion, and no one can blame the Cuban Government if it fights to the very last for its rights. However, Cuba will find it extremely difficult to get any money, whether she settles with the Cuban Ports bond holders or not. Copper remains weak, and Tintos continue dull. Brazilians have been supported during the last two or three days, but they are still very weak, the 1913 loan being quoted at 8 discount. I am afraid that the financial troubles in Brazil have only just begun, and I cannot advise anyone to hold the securities.

**HOME RAILS.**—In spite of the fact that within a few weeks we shall be getting the first railway dividend announcements, the Home Railway market remains idle. The only activity has been in North Easterns. The takings for the past year on this railway have been remarkable, and there is talk of the dividend being increased at least 1 per cent. South Westerns have also been bid for. Why, I do not know, as it certainly is one of the least attractive of all our Home Rails. The cheapest purchases, as I have continually remarked, are Great Western and London and North Western, and it is quite possible that both lines may improve their distribution; but even if they do not, they return 5½ per cent. at present prices. Little Chats have been weak, and the figures of the Great Northern do not tempt people to buy the deferred. There has been some talk about Metropolitans, and the latest tale is that the Great Central will acquire the line. I do not think that there is any truth in this. They would probably like to obtain the Extension, as it would give them an alternative route and render them independent of the Great Western, but when negotiations were pending before, the Metropolitan asked far too high a figure, and the two railways quarrelled. No doubt, if the Metropolitan could sell its Extension to the Great Central and its Underground route to the District, it would be an excellent thing for the shareholders, and also for the railways concerned.

**YANKEES.**—In the American market there is an incipient boomlet. Yet trade throughout the United States, in spite of the ridiculous optimism displayed in New York, is bad. The Union Pacific report was interesting; at first it frightened people, as they did not like the suggestion that the investments have fallen nearly fifty million dollars. However, we are now told that the profit on the Southern Pacific deal will be sixteen million dollars. The news of the bonus has come as a surprise and shows that the Railway and the Government are at one. Shareholders get 33 per cent. bonus and 8 per cent. dividend in future. Therefore holders to-day find their stock only costing 140. No one could have a better position than this. I consider Union Pacific quite the soundest of all the American railways. Canadas have jumped about in a very lively way, but they are now a shade harder. Trunks keep dull, as further money will be needed to complete the line. Brazils decrease day by day, and they are now four points lower than the make-up. Clearly, the road is in a bad financial condition. Copper is weak, and Amalgamateds have been sold in consequence. The reports from the Argentine in regard to the harvest are rather mixed. Maize would appear to be good, but the other crops below the average.

**RUBBER.**—There is nothing new to be said about the Rubber position. Week by week disappointed shareholders try to get out of their shares, but there is always a certain amount of support for the market. The Lumut figures were good, but the board very wisely kept the dividend at 6 per cent., for it knew that if rubber remains at its present price it will not be easy to pay even 6 per cent. for the current year. The shares are, therefore, overvalued to-day.

**OIL.**—The Premier Oil and Pipe meeting is to be held on Friday, and the Hollebone's committee has received support for about 1,200,000 shares. This should be sufficient to enable them to carry their candidates. I understand that the Germans will also put up a candidate. All the various Egyptian Oil issues have been flat, the news from Egypt being decidedly disappointing. But some of the London holders of Red Seas think that Shell is trying to squeeze them out. There has been further talk of Kern being bought out by the Shell, but I think this premature. Shell wants to buy and Kern wants to sell, but it is all a question of price, and that price has not yet been decided upon.

**MINES.**—In the mining market Kaffirs are now quite forgotten. All the silly talk about reduction of costs through the use of small drills, having served its purpose, has died down. The excitement in the Mining market centres round the various Russian shares, some of which have been bid up in a rather fantastic manner. The Canadian Mining market seems to have fallen rather flat, but Kirkland Lakes continue to be bid up without any business. This is little better than a rig. Nothing is doing in the Tin market, but Tronoh and Malayan Tin have both been weak. Globe and Phoenix has decided to reduce its dividend to 1s. This is a very wise step. It does not follow that the mine is looking any worse, but simply that the company has been borrowing money to pay dividends, and the new board evidently think this a foolish policy, which, indeed, it always was.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In the Miscellaneous market there has been very little business, but Charrons have been bid for. All Motor shares have been quite a feature. Mr. Barton continues to carry on his campaign in Alby Carbides, not, probably, because he wishes to sell these, but because he desires to get rid of the subsidiary. Van den Berghs have also been bid up. For some extraordinary reason Coal shares are all harder, and I certainly think that holders should take advantage of this to get out, for although collieries may have a few months more of good trade, there is no doubt that we have seen the end of the Coal and Steel and Iron booms. The Canadian Bank of Commerce figures are rather startling, and show that the bank has been borrowing very heavily. Deposits are down; loans on securities have risen, and the balance-sheet is nothing like so strong as it was last year.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "ORANGE FREE STATE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of November 15 your reviewer of Miss Markham's "The South African Scene" speaks of "what Miss Markham unwittingly still calls the Free State." Since Union it is again "The Orange Free State," and now no more Orange River Colony. A reference to the proceedings of the Conference will verify this. A consideration of who it was that moved that the name be restored points a moral.

May I add a word to your reviewer's reference to Dr. Viljoen? I had the pleasure of meeting him some three years ago in the enforced intimacy of a railway carriage on the thousand-mile journey from the Cape to Johannesburg. As a Britisher I was prejudiced, arrogant and more than a little sore, but I may safely say that not the most

obstinate anti-Dutch Britisher could fail to be charmed by Dr. Viljoen's cultured and liberal personality. I am, etc,  
W. T. HEUGHAN.

Central Schools, Germiston, Transvaal.

## MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Regarding the amusing letter you printed last week from "one of the young composers," may I say that there is nothing malignant in my letter about your poor critic—there is only truth; and I do not find the slightest allusion to the point I made, by your critic. The fact that I played some little pianoforte pieces by the "young composer" of your letter should, of course, be the reason of his ridiculous assertions—for it is well known that these "young composers" lick the hand that crushes them, or bite the hand that assists them. . . . That is why the bulk of them are kept by their fond parents—because of their absolute inability to go and fight for themselves. The Philharmonic concert referred to was perhaps the most ridiculous fiasco ever indulged by that well-worn Society—and that is saying much. Yours,

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

Vale House, Tufnell Park, N.

## SURREPTITIOUS SNAPSHOTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In common, I am sure, with many other users of hand cameras, I join most heartily with Mr. Affalo in his protest against the ungentlemanly practices which mark a certain small proportion of the photographic community. But I would dissent, with equal force, from Mr. Affalo's dictum that the hand camera is "unreliable for the finest work." Some twenty-five years' experience with almost every variety of camera, hand and stand, leads me to declare emphatically that for the finest work the balance of advantage is with the hand-camera: that is, if by "finest work" we imply the result which by its selection of view point, rendering of tones and inclusion of life is most pleasing to our sense of beauty, and the most faithful recorder of our recollections of a scene. I am, yours very truly,

JAMES A. SINCLAIR.

54, Haymarket, S.W.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Memoirs of an American Prima Donna.* By Clara Louise Kellogg. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

### PERIODICALS.

*Empire Review*; *London University Gazette*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Book Monthly*; *Scottish Historical Review*; *University Correspondent*; *Bookseller*; *School World*; *Educational Times*; *Mercure de France*; *Windsor Magazine*; *English Review*; *Gypsy Folk-Lore Gazette*; *Harper's Magazine*; *Poetry and Drama*; *St. George's Magazine*; *Revue Bleue*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *Literary Digest*; *The Author*; *Churchman's Year Book, 1914*; *Librarian and Book World*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Revue Critique*; *La Revue*; *Peru To-Day*; *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*; *The Bookfellow*; *Women's Industrial Council, 19th Annual Report*; *The Antiquary*; *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.*